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COLLIER'S

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OF CURRENT EVENTS

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DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

THE "KEARSARGE" IN ACTION

THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE," AT SEA OFF HAMPTON ROADS ON HER OFFICIAL GUN TRIAL, SUCCESSFULLY UNDERGOING THE SUPREME TEST OF FIRING SIMULTANEOUSLY EIGHT MIGHTY GUNS—FOUR 13-INCH AND FOUR 8-INCH RIFLES—FROM HER SUPERIMPOSED TURRETS

COLLIER'S

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Current Events

WEEKLY

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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE PARIS EXPOSITION NUMBER

issued under date of May 12th, will present special articles,
stories and illustrations procured regardless of expense from
authoritative and representative writers, artists of interna-
tional fame and a corps of skilful photographers. Among
other important features will appear:**A SPECIAL EXPOSITION ARTICLE,** by M. GABRIEL
HANOTAUX, a Director-General of the Exposition,
Member of the French Academy and former Minister of
Foreign Affairs.**A CHARMING PARISIAN ROMANCE,** by MARCEL
PREVOST, one of the best French fiction writers of the day.**THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF HUMOROUS ARTICLES,**
by ROBERT CHAMBERS, the American Novelist, dealing
with the experiences of a party of Americans amid the
turbulence and gaiety of the French capital.In addition to the drawings of T. de Thulstrup, A. R. Wenzell,
and other artists, there will appear a complete series of
photographs from our special Paris staff, panoramic views
of the Exposition, maps of the grounds, plans of the
buildings, etc., etc.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST OF 1900

THE EDITOR begs to announce that he has arranged for a
series of articles on the Presidential contest of 1900 from one
of the ablest political writers in America, Henry Loomis Nel-
son, late editor of "Harper's Weekly." These articles, to
appear from week to week, will present a concise but com-
prehensive record of what will prove the most interesting and
significant campaign in recent years.

ONE OF THE most important measures now pending
in the House of Representatives is the Naval bill
which appropriates for the coming fiscal year a sum
unparalleled in our naval history. Important additions to the
list of battleships, of armored cruisers and of protected cruisers
are authorized. The bill also provides an amount of money per
ton for armor sufficient to meet the extraordinary situation.
The intelligent reader will be glad to see what Admiral O'Neil
has to say about armor plate in the special article which we
print elsewhere. The whole process of manufacturing armor-
plate is one of the triumphs of modern civilization, and no
one is better qualified to discuss it than the author of this
article.

GEORGE DEWEY AND THE
PRESIDENCY

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S announcement that he is willing
to accept a nomination for the Presidency has in-
jected an element of lively interest into a canvass
that seemed likely to be a monotonous repetition of that which
began four years ago. Those who are disposed to belittle the
announcement may be either prompted by interested motives
or they may forget what occurred at certain other critical
periods of our national history. Let us glance at some of the
comments that have been made upon the incident, and
then proceed to inquire what chance the Admiral has of
securing a nomination and an election, in connection with
which latter topic we may note the historical precedents to
which we have just referred. We need not pay much atten-
tion to the views expressed by organs of Mr. McKinley's
Administration, or by any thorough-going supporters of the
Republican party. It is obviously for their interest that Mr.
Bryan should receive the Democratic nomination, because his
personality cannot be divorced from the hopeless issue of the
free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. The loyal Republican news-
papers are as anxious that Mr. Bryan should be nominated at
Kansas City as the Democratic newspapers were that Henry
Clay should be nominated in 1848. Clear-sighted Republicans
perceive that, by the bare fact of putting forward any other
nominee but Bryan the Democrats will, practically, turn their
backs on an exploded issue, and will compel their opponents
to fight on an entirely new field. We shall confine ourselves,
therefore, to the opinions expressed by Democratic journals,
bearing in mind that the majority of them are already com-
mitted to Mr. Bryan. The objections emanating from this
quarter may be reduced to these: First, Admiral Dewey's
announcement of a readiness to accept a nomination comes
too late; secondly, his undeniably great services as a naval
officer have not convinced the country that he is qualified to
be President; thirdly, he does not fully comprehend what it
means to be Chief Magistrate, for he is reported to have said:

"Since studying this subject, I am convinced that the office of
President is not such a difficult one to fill, his duties being
mainly to execute the laws of Congress." Let us inspect
these objections in their order. Admiral Dewey's declaration
was made about four months before the assembly of the
Democratic National Convention in Kansas City. Was that
too late? On the contrary, there is ample time for Democratic
leaders to test the feelings of the masses of the voters, and to
discover whether the Admiral would be a promising candidate.
Had the Admiral expressed such a purpose at the time of the
unprecedented reception given to him in the city of New York,
or immediately afterward, the announcement would have
been lacking in good taste. We waive for the moment the
question whether Dewey's momentous services have con-
vinced the country that he is qualified to be President, and
pass to the third inquiry, whether his conception of the
Presidential office is inadequate. His study of the subject,
he says, has convinced him that the office of the President is
not such a difficult one to fill, that officer's duties being mainly
to execute the laws of Congress. Those who question
this point might do well to refresh their memories touching
the qualifications of William Henry Harrison, John Tyler,
James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin
Pierce, Andrew Johnson, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Chester
A. Arthur. The duties of an Executive, says Dewey, are not
to legislate, but to execute the laws made by other people; to
wit, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives.
It is true that this was not Mr. Cleveland's conception of his
office, for he conceived himself to have a right not only to
initiate legislation, practically, but also to veto any law that
did not chance to please him. This was not, however, the
conception entertained of our Chief Magistracy by the men
who framed our Constitution, and the sooner we get back to
their idea the better. We venture to say that the plain peo-
ple of this country will be more and more pleased, the longer
they meditate upon the Admiral's notion of the business of
an American Executive.

Now let us turn to the question whether the services ren-
dered by Dewey have convinced the country that he is qualified
to be President. Washington was elected President because
Cornwallis gave up his sword to him at Yorktown, and the
people believed that the man, who had gained for them their
independence, could be trusted to rule them faithfully and
well. It was no platform or bundle of promises that made
Andrew Jackson President in 1828. He, certainly, had given
no proof of efficiency in a civil administrative office; on the
contrary, it was Calhoun's opinion that he deserved to be
punished for his conduct as Governor of Florida. Neverthe-
less, Andrew Jackson was elected President by an overwhelm-
ing majority, because he was the victor in the memorable bat-
tle of New Orleans. How came William Henry Harrison to
sweep the country in 1840? It was not his platform that did
it; much less was it his record in civil life; it was the battle
of Tippecanoe. How is it possible to explain the triumph of
Zachary Taylor in 1848? General Taylor had never voted in
his life. He was unable to say whether he was a Whig or a
Democrat. All he knew was that he was a patriot, and that
he had tried to serve his country in the battle of Buena Vista,

where 3,000 Americans beat 20,000 Mexicans. His country-
men let it go at that. They chose him President, and he
made a good one. How was it with Grant in 1868? He had
never voted any ticket except the Democratic, but he was a war
Democrat, like two-fifths of the soldiers that served under the
Stars and Stripes. If the Republicans had not put him for-
ward, the Democrats would have done so, for the people had
made up their minds that they wanted for their Chief Magis-
trate the man of Appomattox. They cared nothing about
platforms and promises; their eyes were fixed upon perform-
ances. The result was that they not only gave Grant (we
terms of the Chief Magistracy, but they would undoubtedly
have chosen him a third time, had he secured the nomination
in 1880 in Chicago. Those who say that republics are un-
grateful are thinking of the Greek, Roman and Italian com-
monwealths, whose policy was determined by the passions
and caprices of an urban mob. It is only the fickle and futile
populace of cities that have short memories. The deep and
steadfast hearts of a rural population may not be easily
moved, but, once stirred, the vibration is long-lived. The
country voters of our Southern, Western, and Far Western
States may be slow to convince that one of their fellow-
citizens has placed them under a stupendous obligation; let
them be once convinced, however, and they will remember
the indebtedness till death. They are all aware by this time
that Dewey, by his far-reaching victory at Cavite, added to
the United States a spacious and opulent insular empire com-
prising ten millions of inhabitants. They have learned that
no such permanent fruits have been plucked from military or
naval success by any commander in this century, and they are
naturally eager, being grateful and generous men, to show that
they appreciate the service. So sure are we that the calcula-
tions, made by Thurlow Weed in the case of Taylor in 1848,
would be far more brilliantly justified in the case of Dewey
this year, that we do not hesitate to say that, could he secure
the nomination of the Democratic National Convention at
Kansas City, nothing could prevent his obtaining an enor-
mous majority in the electoral colleges. There are no skilled
Republican politicians who do not concur in this opinion; their
sole hope of success is now based on the belief that Dewey
cannot win the Democratic nomination.

There are two ways in which Admiral Dewey might gain
the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. In the first
place, Mr. Bryan might voluntarily retire in his favor. We
quite understand that, in the eyes of habitually selfish people,
such an act would seem a proof of superhuman abnegation.
It is no more, however, than was done by Colonel James
Monroe in 1812, when he probably might have beaten Mad-
ison for the nomination or at the ballot-box. Monroe was as
honest man, however, and, compared with Madison, he was a
young man. He shrank from dividing his party in the crisis
of a foreign war, and he believed that his self-effacement
would not pass unrecognized by his fellow-citizens. The
event proved the wisdom of his forecast. Mr. Bryan is no
whit less honest a man than was James Monroe, and he is
much younger than the latter was in 1812. He is but forty
years of age, and he may look forward with confidence to
almost as many more years of distinction and of usefulness.
As an honest man and a true patriot, he desires less ardently
a triumph of his own at the present moment than the success
of his party, which, as he believes, will accrue to the benefit
of his country at a critical juncture. He knows it to be
extremely doubtful whether he can be chosen President this
year, and, like all sagacious politicians, he knows it to be
almost certain that Admiral Dewey would be elected. Under
the circumstances, it is not incredible that, before the Demo-
cratic National Convention shall meet, Mr. Bryan may make
up his mind to play toward Admiral Dewey the part that
James Monroe played toward James Madison in 1812, and
which Henry Clay played toward John Quincy Adams in the
winter of 1824-25. Let us assume, however, that Mr. Bryan,
though a thoroughly honest man and a true patriot, can
scarcely be called upon to show superhuman abnegation.
Even so, it is not certain that Admiral Dewey may not re-
ceive the nomination at Kansas City. Of the delegates to
that assembly can his friends secure a little more than one
third? There the whole question lies in a nutshell. Accord-
ing to the rule unbroken for more than half a century, the
candidate of a Democratic National Convention for the Presi-
dency must have received two-thirds of the votes; can Mr.
Bryan secure and retain that preponderance after the voters
shall have had four months in which to consider Dewey's
candidacy, reëlightened as they will be by the imposing cele-
bration of Dewey Day at Chicago touching the momentous
significance of the victory at Cavite? We must remember
that, at Kansas City, the delegates will come fresh from their
constituents; they will have heard the latter talk; they will
know how they feel; and it may take but a little to sweep
the delegates off their feet. Let us imagine that, amid an
atmosphere surcharged with electricity, after Mr. Bryan had
been put forward and had failed to receive the necessary two-
thirds vote, a great orator should arise in the Democratic Na-
tional Convention, and announce that he also had a candidate
to propose:

"Should you ask me where he hails from,
In a few words I will say:
His name, it is George Dewey
And he's from Manila Bay."

APRIL 21, 1900

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DECORATION BY WILL BRADLEY



By REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES O'NEIL, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, U. S. N.

IT WOULD BE impossible, within the limits of a popular article, to give the detailed history of the development of armor, nor would such a history be of interest to the general reader, as it would abound in the dry details of official reports and of deductions drawn therefrom. The purpose of this article will, therefore, be to touch briefly on the most important and most interesting features of the subject, especially such as relate to the development of armor in the United States.

To the French Government must be accorded the credit of the first systematic investigation of the action of projectiles on solid substances, though it is true that, before its work commenced, Sir Isaac Newton, Robbins, Hutton, and Rumford had made experiments in that direction; but their researches had been rather in pursuit of the general laws of atmospheric resistance and of the forces of gunpowder. About 1830 experiments were carried on at Metz to establish the laws of resistance, or rather to find the coefficients of penetration of projectiles into earth, wood, and different types of masonry. These experiments were continued, at intervals, for several years, and the results obtained hold good at present.

The credit for the first practical exposition of an ironclad vessel for naval purposes apparently belongs to John Stevens of Hoboken, N. J., who, in 1812, designed a vessel whose battery was protected by inclined armor. This early plan received no serious consideration from the Government, but the Stevens family persevered and perfected their design, and in 1842, or thereabout, Robert Stevens of Hoboken made a report which was referred to a committee of Congress on Coast Defences, in which, after submitting the design of a steam armored war vessel, he published certain laws governing the penetration of projectiles into iron plates, established by himself from a long series of experiments. These laws were at once made the subject of further investigation both in France and in England, while in the United States this report led to the laying of the keel of the *Stevens Battery* in the spring of 1854, a few months earlier than the commencement of the first ironclad in Europe. The *Stevens Battery*, afterward named the *Dunderberg*, was built, or rather completed, under the authorization of Congress, by contract with William H. Webb of New York, dated July 3, 1862.

This unique vessel of 7,000 tons displacement is described in the specifications as "an iron-clad, shot-proof, steam screw ship of war with ram, having a hull built of wood and cased with iron." As originally designed, the vessel was to carry two revolving turrets 11 inches thick, each of which was to contain two 15-inch smooth-bore guns, and eight 11-inch Dahlgren guns were to be mounted in a central casemate, having inclined sides protected by 4 1/2 inches of iron heavily backed with wood.

As finally completed the turrets were omitted, and the battery was reduced to two 15-inch and two 11-inch guns, and these were mounted in February, 1867. The vessel was to cost, exclusive of the guns, \$1,250,000, and was to be completed in fifteen months, but was much longer under construction, being launched July 22, 1865.

She made her official trial on February 22, 1867, on which occasion the vessel behaved in a satisfactory manner and her guns worked well. No full-speed trial was made, but she attained a speed of 10 knots, with 41 revolutions of the screw per minute, on a boiler pressure of 17 pounds.

The Civil War having ended, and it being the policy of the Government to reduce the Naval Establishment, a bill was passed at the second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and approved March 2, 1867, releasing the builders of all right, title, etc., in the *Dunderberg*, upon payment to the United States Treasury of all sums paid by the Government on account of the vessel, and on June 27, 1867, Mr. Webb released the sum of \$1,092,887.73 and became the owner of the vessel. She was promptly sold to the French Government, and was rechristened the *Rochambeau*.

Practical results in the building of ironclads were first attained in France, and two months after the keel of the *Stevens Battery* had been laid at Hoboken, those of the *Devastation*, *Lave*, *Tonnante*, and *Congreue* were laid at Toulon, and a few months later the British Government commenced the construction of the ironclad vessels *Erebus*, *Terrace*, and *Thunderer*.

On the 17th of October, 1855, the French vessels above referred to (except the *Congreue*), forming the first ironclad squadron ever seen, silenced the guns of the Kinburn Forts in four hours. The French vessels referred to were in fact mere floating batteries of about 1,600 tons displacement, and their speed was a scant 4 knots. Their armor consisted of 4 1/2 inches of solid iron plates, backed by 27 3/4 inches of oak, and their batteries were composed of sixteen guns, about equal to the English and American 68-pounders.

The *Devastation* was hit sixty-four times and the *Tonnante* sixty-five times, but the armor was unimpaired, the shot having penetrated only 1 1/4 inches at most. The enemy's guns were 32-pounders, and the range was from 870 to 1,100 yards.

This comparatively unimportant action at Kinburn, which had no title if any effect on the result of the Crimean War, changed the whole condition of armor for naval use from one of speculation to one of certainty.

The introduction of ironclad vessels was not, as is often

supposed, due to the advent of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, though without doubt the engagement off Newport News on March 8, 1862, when the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* destroyed the U. S. ships *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and that at Hampton Roads on the following day between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, which resulted practically in a drawn battle, had a marked effect upon the naval policy of the world, and sounded the death-knell of wooden ships of war, though a good many were built for some years after. Both the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* were begun in 1861, but prior to this time England and France had each constructed a squadron of floating batteries, and these were quadrupled in size and rendered doubly powerful in individual ships within the next four years.

In 1858 the first squadron of seagoing armored frigates—namely, the *Gloire*, *Normandie*, *Invincible*, and *Couronne*—was commenced in France, and England followed quickly with the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, and *Resistance*; and before the United States Government had considered the question of ironclads, England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Denmark, and the Southern Confederacy, either had ironclads afloat or on the stocks, and before Ericsson had submitted the design of the *Monitor*, Captain Cowper Coles had demonstrated the advantages of the turret, mounted on low-freeboard ironclad hulls, to the naval experts of England.

The English vessels above referred to represented the great-



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES O'NEIL

est armored protection undertaken at that time, the *Warrior* carrying 4 1/2 inches of wrought iron.

The first armored vessels constructed for the United States Government were ordered in 1861, when the *Monitor*, *Galena*, and *New Ironsides* were commenced. These were followed by a number of single and double turreted monitors, commenced during the period of the Civil War.

Prior to this, however, the manufacture of armor in Europe had progressed very considerably, and from 1859 there was a marked increase in the thickness of the plates produced. Various backings were tested in the effort to increase the efficiency of the armor protection, and numerous kinds of bolts and methods of attaching armor were investigated. As the thickness of the plates increased, the difficulties of manufacture also increased, and for want of proper facilities for making heavy plates the United States Government was led to adopt the use of laminated armor made up of several layers of one-inch plates, which was the type of armor used exclusively in the protection of the monitors referred to, and which, while it answered very well against the artillery of their day, would offer but scant protection against the powerful modern guns.

The old monitors received many hits off Charleston, some of the records being as follows: *Montauk* hit 214 times; *Weehawken*, 187 times; *Potomac*, 144 times; *Passaic*, 134 times; *Catskill*, 106 times; *Nahant*, 105 times; *Nantuxet*, 104 times; *Lehigh*, 36 times, and the *New Ironsides*, 193 times. Many of these hits were from 10-inch Columbiads, and though but little was said about it at the time, they suffered considerable injury.

For want of other material, the Confederates made use of railroad iron supported by heavy backing of Georgia pine covered by oak plank; the *Merrimac*, *Atlanta*, and *Tennessee* being thus protected, or by slabs of rolled iron.

By 1868 solid plates of 6, 7, and 8 inches thickness were being tested abroad, and by 1872 the thickness had increased to 12 and 14 inches, as shown in the turrets of H.M.S. *Glatten*. During these years sandwich targets, made up of several layers of plates separated by layers of teak wood, were tested.

In 1875 the first steel plates were tested, the targets being 2 1/2 inches of Bessemer steel, in comparison with wrought iron, the steel only partially proving its superiority.

One of the first very important tests of heavy steel armor-plates was made at Spezia, in Italy, in 1876, on which occasion solid steel Schneider plates of 21.65 inches thickness were tested in comparison with solid wrought-iron plates of 22 inches in thickness, manufactured by Cammel and by Marrel, and with sandwich targets composed of 11.81-inch and 9.84-inch plates, separated by 10 inches of teak. The result of this test showed the superiority of steel in resisting single heavy blows, but its inferiority in the matter of cracking and crumbling under a number of lighter blows. The Spezia tests clearly indicated that steel in some form would sooner or later supplant iron, though it was recognized as necessary that the tendency of steel to break up under a number of blows must be counteracted. This led to the introduction of compound armor, and Mr. Wilson, in England, took out a patent covering a steel face united by fusion to a wrought-iron back. The first compound plate was tried in England toward the end of 1877. This consisted of 5 inches of steel united to 4 inches of wrought iron. This plate showed good resisting qualities, but the steel face broke up badly. This, in turn, led to various experiments with steel plates, both faced and backed with wrought iron, and tests on these lines were continued up to 1882 with varying results, which finally led, however, to the discarding of the iron face. From 1882 to 1887 the contest for superiority lay between the compound and the all-steel plates, English manufacturers presenting the former, while Schneider of France was the chief advocate of the latter. Compound armor generally resisted penetration better than the all-steel plate, because it was possible to make the thin steel face of the former much harder than that of the all-steel plate, without sacrificing the toughness necessary to prevent breaking up.

The chief failure of the compound plate was in the flaking off of the steel from its iron back. This led to a constant effort to produce an all-steel plate that should present a hardened face and still retain sufficient toughness. By the introduction in 1889 of a small percentage of nickel in the manufacture of steel, unusual toughness was produced.

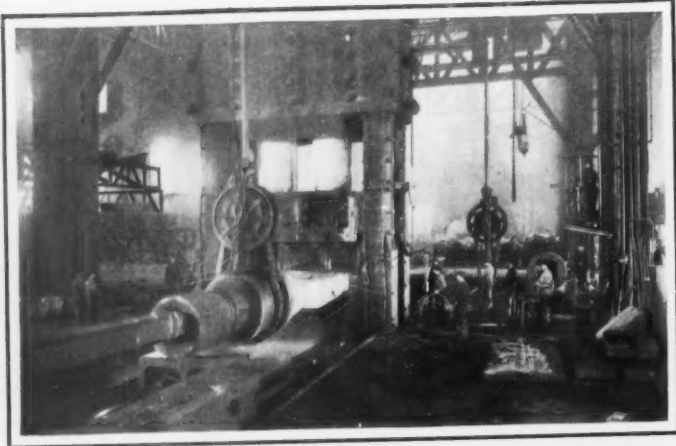
This was the armor situation when the United States Government commenced the building of armored vessels for its new navy, and while the armor ordered for the first vessels was of plain steel, it was quickly followed by that containing nickel, as the result of the first important armor test made in the United States at the Annapolis Proving Ground in September, 1890; this test being made principally to determine the respective value of plain steel and of nickel-steel plates, and also of compound armor. Three plates of equal dimensions—viz., 8 feet x 6 feet x 10 1/2 inches—were subjected to similar attacks. They consisted of a compound plate made by Cammel & Co. of England, a plain-steel plate made by Schneider & Co. of France, and a nickel-steel plate also made by the latter. All three plates were subjected to five impacts by a 100-pound projectile, fired from a 6-inch gun with a striking velocity of 2,075 foot-seconds, one shot being directed at each corner of the plates, and a fifth impact by a 210-pound projectile, fired from an 8-inch gun with a striking velocity of 1,850 foot-seconds, at the centre of the plates. All three plates were supported by 38 inches of oak backing. The compound plate was perforated by all the shells, and practically destroyed by the 6-inch alone. The plain-steel plate kept out all the shells, but was badly cracked by the 8-inch. The nickel-steel plate kept out all the shells and remained without cracks.

After these tests it was decided to use nickel-steel for the armor of United States vessels, and the Navy Department took immediate steps to procure a large supply of nickel for such purpose.

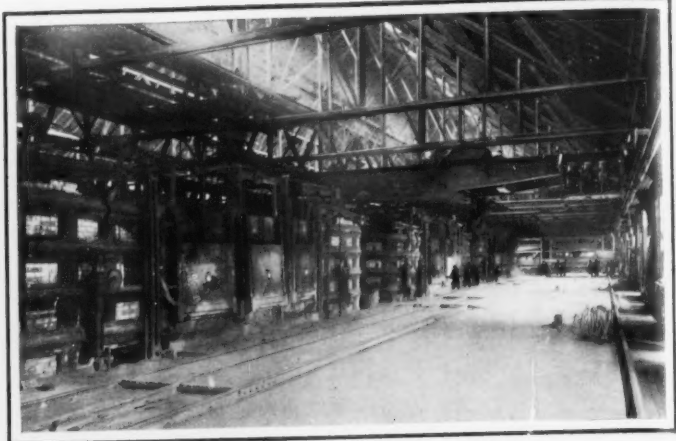
Probably no step in the development of armor is more interesting or was of greater importance than was that of the introduction of the Harvey process, especially so as Mr. Harvey, its originator, was an American citizen and the process was developed in this country; and the United States, though the last country to take up the manufacture of armor, was the first one to add by a single step very greatly to its efficiency.

Mr. Hayward Augustus Harvey was a striking example of hereditary genius, and, like his father, was a pioneer who, with keen and ready axe, blazed the path for those who would follow; and his modesty was on a par with his genius.

He was born at Jamestown, N. Y., January 17, 1824, and at the time he conceived the idea of face-hardening steel plates (1889) he was the president of the Harvey Steel Company of Newark, N. J. During this year he treated a block of steel with a view to giving it a very hard face and great powers of resistance to blows and strains which might tend to pierce or



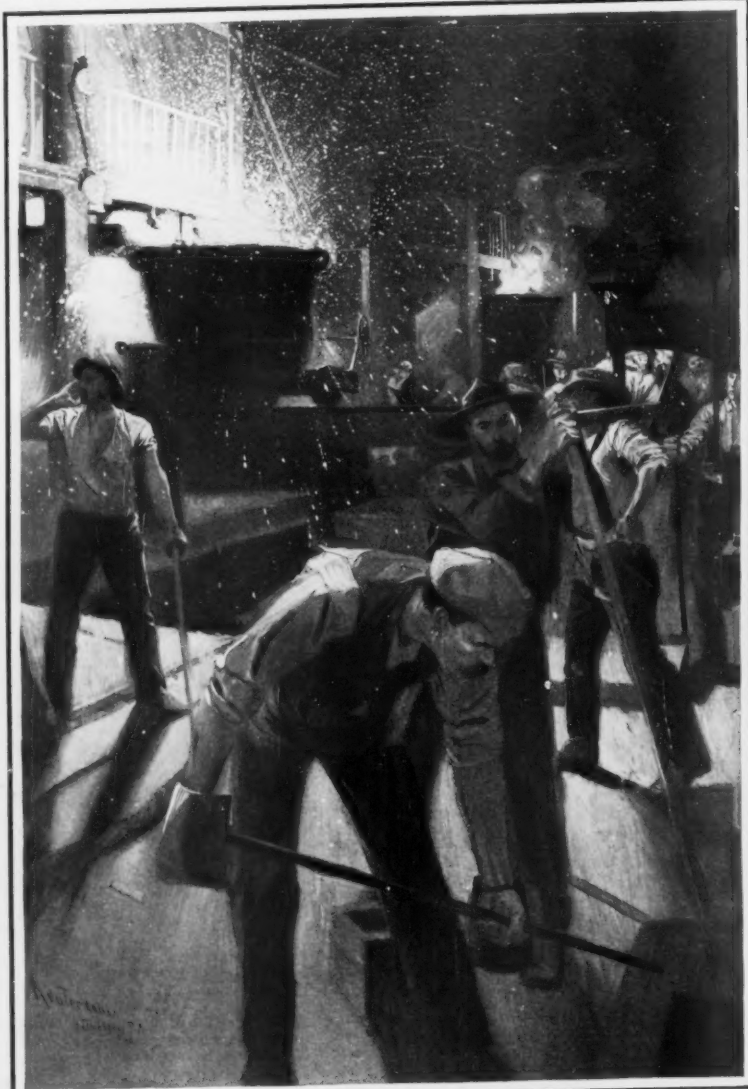
FORGING AN ARMOR-PLATE UNDER 14,000 TONS HYDRAULIC PRESSURE



A RANGE OF FURNACES VIEWED FROM THE END OF THE GALLERY

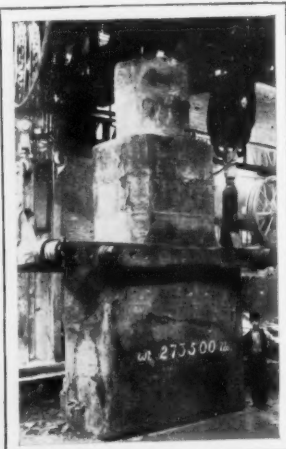


A REHEATED INGOT



DRAWN BY M. REUTERDAHL

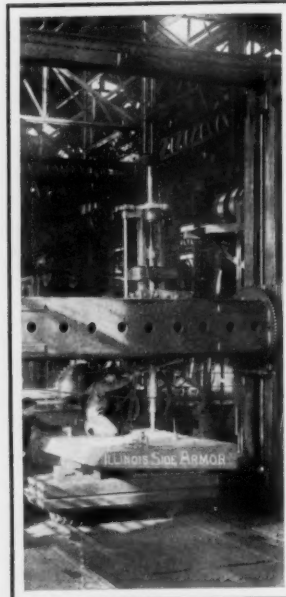
TAPPING AN OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE



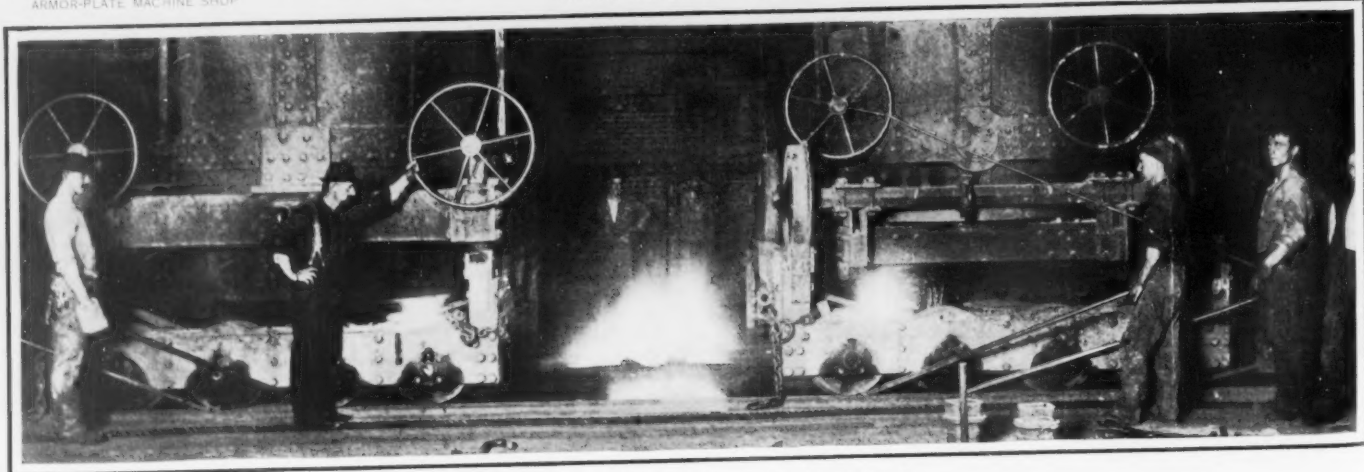
A 136-TON NICKEL-STEEL INGOT



ARMOR-PLATE MACHINE SHOP



DRILLING AN ARMOR-PLATE



CASTING AN ARMOR-PLATE INGOT AT AN OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE

MAKING ARMOR-PLATE AT THE BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS

Mr. Harvey's experiments were brought to the attention of the Navy Department, and, at his request, it furnished a small plate 6 inches in thickness, which was made at the company's works in Newark, was hardened at the Washington Navy Yard, under Mr. Harvey's directions, and tested at the Naval Proving Ground at Annapolis in 1891. This plate was made by the Linden Steel Company of Philadelphia. It was cut in halves, and one piece was left untreated, and under test the treated part showed such superior resistance over the untreated half that the Navy Department decided to experiment on a larger scale, and it was ordered from Messrs. Schneider & Co. of La Creuzot, France, to make 10 12 inches in thickness for the purpose, there being at that time no facilities in this country for the manufacture of such plates.

The plate was treated at the Washington Navy Yard in 1891, under the direction of the writer of this article, in accordance with instructions prescribed by Mr. Harvey. Under his direction a furnace had been constructed, in which the process of supercarburization was to be performed. It was rather a crude affair, and was located in an unimproved building, formerly used as a foundry for casting brass howitzers.

As the process was then considered confidential, no one was admitted to the building except the officer in charge and a few selected employees. In the bed of the furnace was a pair of steel rails on which the plate, imbedded in sand, rested. The plate, having been placed in the furnace, was covered with a layer of carbonizing material (probably a mixture of animal and vegetable charcoal) about a foot thick, over which was laid a covering of tiles to exclude the flame and air from the plate. The doors of the furnace having been bricked up, the fires underneath were started, and it was brought up to a high heat and so maintained for about one hundred hours. Arrangements had been made for withdrawing the plate from the furnace and for sprinkling it with cold water from a large trough, with perforated bottom, suspended overhead at a height of some ten feet, into which several lines of hose were led from neighboring hydrants. When the time arrived for taking the plate from the furnace, the brick work was knocked away and a yoke of oxen were hitched to a chain made fast to the plate. The oxen tugged in vain, and a second yoke was brought into requisition; but still the plate remained immovable, the high and prolonged heat having vitrified the sand, tiles and brick into a solid mass. A large force of men was brought up to aid in the work, and, with the assistance of tackles and levers, the plate was, after five hours of labor, hauled out of the furnace and under the sprinkling trough. Naturally it had lost a good deal of its heat, and was of a dull cherry red when the water was applied, which formed hissing jets of steam as it fell on the hot plate, which, to the dismay of the spectators, began to curl up like a huge saucer as its upper surface contracted under the influence of the chill. The spraying was continued until the plate was cooled to a black heat, when it recovered its shape to some extent; but the warping was then regarded as a serious objection to the process, but in future plates this was overcome by sprinkling on both sides, and in the regular furnaces the plates were thereafter laid on iron cars, and could thus be quickly withdrawn.

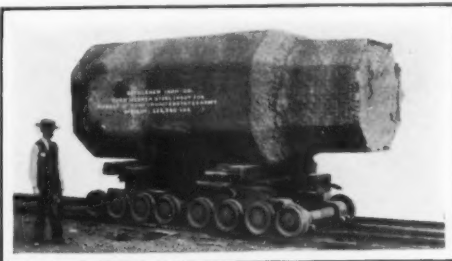
This imperfectly treated plate was tested at Indian Head in February, 1891, being attacked by seven 6-inch projectiles of 160 pounds' weight, fired with a striking velocity of 2,067 foot-seconds. The greatest penetration was four inches, except in one round, that at the centre of the plate, where the point of the shell reached the backing. All the projectiles were broken up. The plate was cracked, but, until the last round, no part of it was detached from the backing. At this round about one-eighth of the plate fell to the ground. These results were considered remarkable, and it was concluded that by means of this method of treatment ideal armor could be made; that is, having a hard face, combined with a tough back, without any line of demarcation between the two.

The Navy Department, therefore, decided to hold a series of armor trials, in which the relative merits of plain and nickel-steel of domestic manufacture, when treated by the Harvey process, should be submitted to comparative competition. Accordingly, eight plates, each 6 feet 8 inches x 10 12 inches, were ordered; five from Carnegie, Phipps & Co., and three from the Bethlehem Iron Company. The tests of these plates took place at Indian Head, Md., on October 31 and November 14, 1891; but only six plates were fired at, as two of those furnished by Carnegie, Phipps & Co. were withdrawn on account of defects in manufacture. Each plate received four 6-inch shells, one at each corner, and one 8-inch shell in the centre. The 6-inch shells weighed 100 pounds and were fired with a striking velocity of 2,075 foot-seconds. The 8-inch shells used were of 250 pounds and of 250 pounds, respectively, with striking velocities of 1,850 foot-seconds and 1,700 foot-seconds, the energies being the same in either case. The three plates used were, respectively, a high-carbon nickel-steel, a medium-carbon nickel-steel, and a plain-steel plate. The three Carnegie, Phipps & Co.'s plates were,

respectively, a high-carbon nickel-steel, a low-carbon nickel-steel, and a low-carbon nickel-steel Harveyed.

All the plates showed greater resistance to penetration and less cracking than did the English compound plates of the previous year. Two of the plates showed greater resistance to perforation and less cracking than did the most resisting plate at the Annapolis test the previous year.

The results given by the nickel-steel plate treated by the Harvey process, manufactured by the Bethlehem Iron Company, were considered most remarkable, and the conclusion was reached that two important results had been achieved: first, a better plate, of American manufacture, had been produced than the Department was able to purchase abroad the year previous; secondly, the development of a new principle in the manufacture of armor, of American origin, which there were good grounds for believing would furnish greater protection to the vital parts of a vessel of war than any other system hitherto employed.



NICKEL-STEEL INGOT CAST FOR 16-INCH COAST-DEFENCE GUN

To Captain William M. Folger, U.S.N., who was then Chief of Ordnance of the Navy, is mainly due the credit of bringing to the front this remarkable development, which in a short period may be said to have revolutionized the manufacture of armor. He at once saw that great advantages were to be derived from the adoption of the Harvey process, and devised and carried out the programme of tests necessary to satisfy himself and the Secretary of the Navy that such was the case.

While the foregoing tests were considered very conclusive, the Ordnance Bureau decided to make still another before finally adopting the Harvey process, and in the latter part of 1891 it ordered two more 10 12-inch nickel-steel plates of the Bethlehem Iron Company, both of which were treated by the Harvey process and tempered by an improved method. These

were made from time to time, and the so-called Harveyed plates held the lead in all countries until a modification of the same was made in 1895 by Krupp, the great gun and armor manufacturer of Essen, in Germany.

The first important mention of the new Krupp process dates from the test of an 11.8-inch plate at the company's proving ground at Meppen on September 15, 1895; and without going into particulars it may be stated that this plate gave such excellent resisting qualities and showed such immunity from cracking that it is referred to as the champion thick experimental plate.

The principal English manufacturers acquired the process in 1896, and in 1897 Messrs. Vickers' Sons & Co. presented for test an 11 11-16-inch and a 6-inch plate, both of which were officially tested and fully bore out the reputation which the new Krupp process had attained in Germany. Other British manufacturers presented plates made by the same process, and the superiority of such armor was so fully established that its adoption became merely a question of the ability of the manufacturers to produce it, as it necessitated extensive alterations to their plants and was much more difficult to make than the Harveyed armor.

The American armor manufacturers having acquired the rights to use the process, submitted in July, 1898, the first Krupp plate manufactured in this country, by the Carnegie Steel Company, and in October of the same year the Bethlehem Steel Company also submitted a plate, both companies following with second plates. The tests of these plates showed their excellence, and also that the American manufacturers could produce armor by the new process equal to that made abroad. Its resisting powers proved to be from twenty to twenty-five per cent greater than that of armor made by the Harvey process, and, therefore, the Navy Department felt bound to use such armor for vessels not yet supplied. Owing to its superior quality, to the greater cost of manufacture, and to the fact that a heavy royalty has to be paid to the company which controls the process, the manufacturers asked a higher price than for the Harveyed armor, and one in excess of that now allowed by law. Hence it became necessary to present the matter to Congress, and it is now before that body.

Krupp armor differs from Harveyed armor in the character of the alloy and in the method of its treatment, supercarburization in the case of the former being accomplished by means of a hydro-carbon gas instead of a solid carbonaceous material.

The manufacture of modern armor-plate for service use in this country dates from a circular issued by the Navy Department on August 21, 1886, inviting bids for armor and gun steel of domestic manufacture. The bids received under this advertisement were opened on March 22, 1887, and proposals were received from the Bethlehem Iron Company for both; from the Cambria Iron Company and from the Midvale Steel Company for gun-steel only, and from the Cambria Rolling Mill Company for armor-plates only.

The bid of the Bethlehem Iron Company being the only one for both kinds of material, and being in the aggregate the lowest, was accepted, and a contract was made with the company on June 1, 1887, for both armor and gun-steel. This contract included armor for the battleships *Maine* and *Texas* and for the monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror*. The amount of armor contracted for was estimated at about 6,700 tons, and, as contracted for, was of plain steel, oil-tempered and annealed; but, after the experiments herein previously referred to had been made, the Navy Department changed the requirements to include the introduction of nickel and the Harvey process of face-hardening.

While at that time the Bethlehem Iron Company was not in possession of a complete plant for the manufacture of armor, it had been diligently engaged for more than a year in constructing works for such purpose, and had already expended large sums of money toward the completion of the same, and was therefore in every sense a suitable bidder for the work it had undertaken; and under an able management, in the hands of the most skillful engineers and experts in the country, the company rapidly pushed its works to completion.

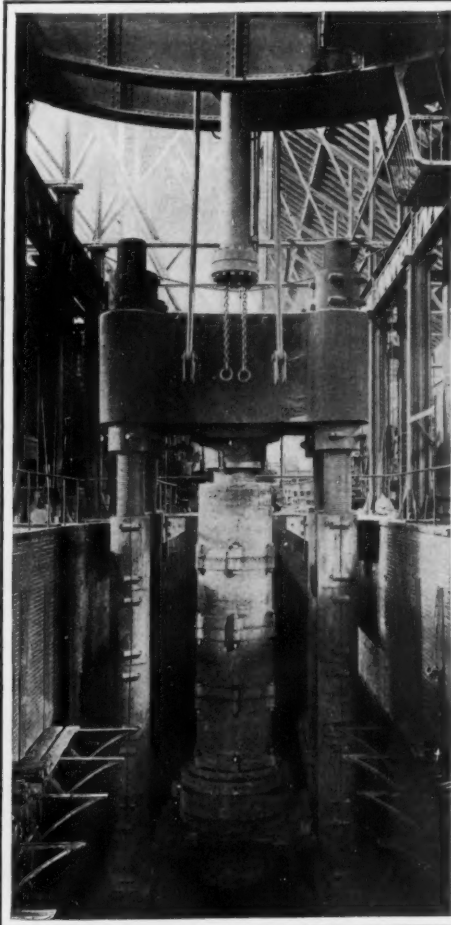
On November 20, 1890, the Navy Department made a contract with Messrs. Carnegie, Phipps & Co. of Pittsburg for 6,000 tons of armor under the same terms as to price and quality as with the Bethlehem Company. This company at first declined to consider the manufacture of armor, but at the solicitation of the Department finally consented to, and soon equipped its works for so

doing; and during the past ten years has supplied the Government with about one-half the armor required for naval vessels.

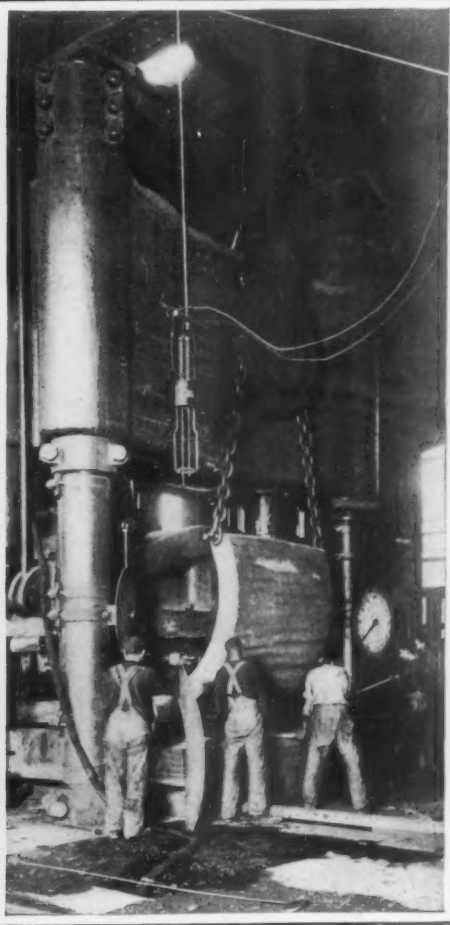
The total amount of armor furnished when present contracts are completed will be 35,773 tons.

At the present time there is required for three battleships of the *Maine* class 7,360 tons. This armor has not yet been contracted for, as the question of kind and price is now before Congress.

The Department desires to use armor made by Krupp's new process for these and for other vessels authorized but not yet contracted for, for which about 12,000 tons more will be required.



A FLUID COMPRESSION PLANT



CURVING AN 8-INCH ARMOR-PLATE

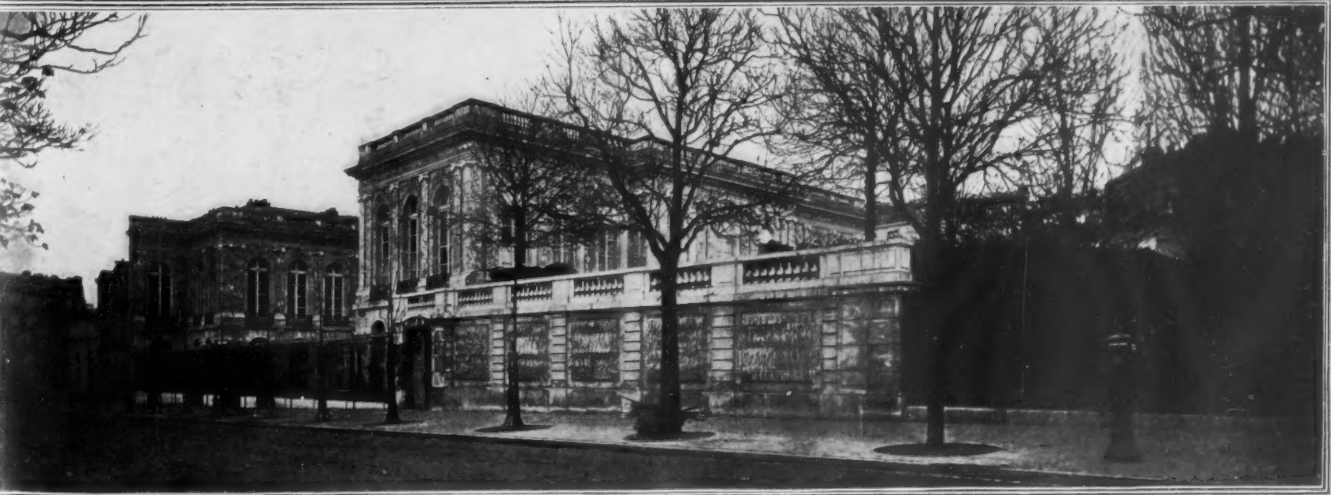
two plates differed in one respect; the first having been forged to 12 12 inches, and, after supercarburization, being further reduced by forging to 10 12 inches, the second being forged to final dimensions—that is, to 10 12 inches before Harveyizing—the chemical and physical properties of the plates before treatment being the same.

These plates were tested at Indian Head on July 23, 1892, under precisely the same conditions as those of October and November, 1891, and established not only the value of the Harvey process, but also that of re-forging after supercarburization; and it was determined that thereafter all armor for the navy should be so treated. Improvements in manufacture



THE CAPTURE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BY THE BOERS

ON MARCH 31, COLONEL BROADWOOD, COMMANDING THE TENTH HUSSARS AND THE FAMOUS HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY (WHOSE OFFICERS ARE SHOWN ABOVE) STATIONED AT THABA NCHU, IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE, BEING THREATENED BY THE ENEMY, MARCHED TO THE BLOEMFONTEIN WATERWORKS, SOUTH OF THE MODDER RIVER. IN A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE THENCE, THE BRITISH DETACHMENT, CONVOYING GUNS, WALKED INTO A BOER AMBUSH AND WAS CAPTURED. IN THE ENGAGEMENT THE FIRE OF THE AMBUSHED BOERS WAS DIRECTED PRINCIPALLY ON THE GUN ANIMALS, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SAVE THE ARTILLERY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES, THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE, THE UNITED STATES LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, ELECTRICAL HALL AND THE SALLE DES FETES. THE BOTTOM PICTURE REPRESENTS THE RESIDENCE OF COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE

THE DAY'S WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY FREDERICK PALMER

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION. PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AND OFFICERS OF THE ARMY



DRYING WATER-SOAKED HEMP ON THE QUAY, MANILA

MANILA, P. I., MARCH 5

IT IS EVER to be borne in mind that we have in these islands the largest army which the United States has brought together under a single command since the Civil War; that while the Asiatic Squadron has returned to the ways of peace, the Asiatic Squadron is busier and larger than it ever was before. The whole forms one gigantic police force covering the archipelago with a network of patrols. When you are following the coast line on a gunboat, or when, with a company of soldiers, you are "hiking" up a mountain where a native says that some insurgents with rifles were seen, you are essentially provincial in a greater or a less degree according to whether you are hungry or fed. The longer the voyage on glassy tropical seas or the harder the trail, the easier it is to forget that, after all, you are only a small detail which will be put on file on the flagship *Brooklyn* or become one of the stack of papers on the desk of the tireless, plodding bureaucrat of the Ayuntamiento.

When you have removed the soiled khaki of the march, freed yourself from the bother of revolver, canteen, camera and field-glasses, made your peace with the Oriental shower-bath, and enter the dining-room of the hotel attired in white linen, you see others who are under the same delusion as yourself and are rapidly having it dispelled. All the bronzed men whose hands are unkempt—those with pale faces are stationed in town—have returned from "hikes" which are just as important to them as yours is to you. If you want them to listen to the story of your "hike" it is a fair bargain that you should listen to the story of theirs.

Thus, you come to realize how impossible it is to keep track of what the Eighth Army Corps is doing and what remarkable feats of endurance are being performed every day without any one to sing their praises. To one who is used to them, the narratives become as monotonous as the scenes of tired perspiring men in blue shirts and khaki breeches hitching their knapsacks and cartridge belts now and then to shift their burdens, as they move forward with the hope that they will find an enemy.

It is good to see an army officer just in from a "hike" and

a naval officer just in from a cruise talking together in the hotel dining-room with the amiability becoming to members of kindred services. Things have changed since the great commander in the bay and the tireless bureaucrat were in no mood to ask favors of each other and the bureaucrat started to make a navy of his own out of the little gunboats of the Spanish mosquito fleet which he had bought from Spain, and the great commander politely informed him that if the gunboats were sent to sea the Asiatic Squadron would take possession of them as a menace to navigation. To-day, wherever the army wants assistance by sea the navy is on hand ready to do all it can, unostentatiously. The army thanks the navy for its kindnesses, and the navy replies, "Don't mention it," and they go driving together in the evening on the *Luneta* to hear the band play.

After the "hike" comes the reaction which I can best describe as "spring fever" magnified a hundred diameters. While the force of circumstances makes you recover your energy once you put on khaki and start on the march, the longer that you rest in town the more tired you become. As you rise at a late hour after that first dinner in town, you wonder how you ever brought yourself to rise at 3 A.M., with the prospect of your next meal in the distant future of the close of the day after the pack-train has "come up." (The mind of the soldier man conceives nothing more dispiriting than to have the very band of insurgents which you have been chasing attack the pack train two miles to the rear of your "point" late in the afternoon.) I have known officers attired in white and lying back in easy-chairs to dispute as to which should go to the door to call the house boy. In khaki, one of them would have thought nothing of going half a mile out of his way to do another a favor.

But one may not set up the criterion that white is the uniform of idleness and khaki that of drudgery. The officers of the staff, of the city government, of the regiments which police the town, those who collect the customs and the taxes, keep the army supplied with food and fight the bubonic plague—General Otis, himself—all see no field service. The civil portion of the General's work is more exasperating than the direction of the military campaign. At least, he makes it so. Convinced, as he has said, that he alone understands the situation in the Philippines, he is admirably conscientious in his insistence upon directing the details of every department. No sick man can be sent to the States, the slightest appropriation cannot be made, without his approval. It is small wonder that he sometimes becomes tired and irritable.

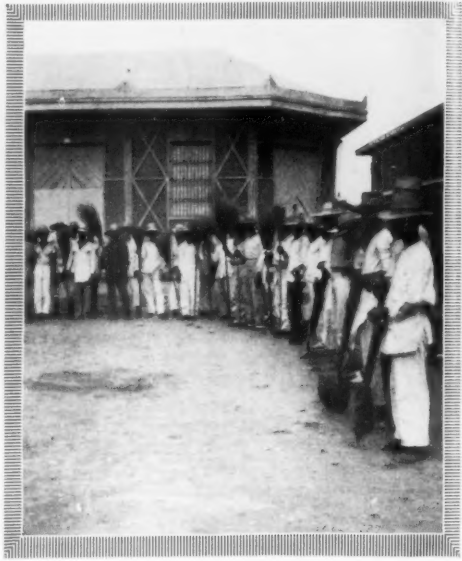
"If I can only get out of this alive," he said plaintively the other day, "that is all I shall ask."

His medical advisers could not take their country a greater service than to persuade him to do an excursion on a launch up Laguna de Bay every Sunday and thereby convince him that, although he was away from his desk at the Ayuntamiento for twenty-four hours, the Palace would remain standing during his absence; the two able division commanders would go on with their work just the same; the soldiers would get their three meals a day; the pack-mules would not balk; the trains not miss connections, and the Supreme Court hold its sittings as usual.

There is no gainsaying that the state of the General's health is becoming serious. It is the opinion of the whole army that he needs and deserves rest. And if you were to put the question to the army as to who should be his successor both as military and civil governor, the great majority of officers would name General MacArthur; the rest would name General Bates. None would ask that a man be sent out from home.

The problem of the moment—a serious problem—is that raised by the presence of Archbishop Chapelle. At his request the Spanish friars who have been rescued by the advance of our troops into outlying districts are remaining in town instead of returning to Spain. Now, when they take their constitutional under the arca palms of the Malacan at sunset they chat with something of the old-time spirit of the Spanish days. They are quite confident that through the interposition of Washington the Archbishop will win out in the end in his argument with General Otis. The Archbishop is committed to the return of the friars to the parishes from which they were evicted by the insurgents; the General is committed to their return to Spain. As you know, the Filipinos made the alleged extortion of money from the natives and the alleged misuse of office, even to the wronging of women, by the friars, the ground for their uprisings against the Spaniards. Aguinaldo made their expulsion or reform in their methods one of the conditions of his treaty of peace with the Spaniards before he retired to Hong Kong. At the present moment, nine-tenths of the parishes of the islands are without priests to celebrate marriages, bury the dead, or perform the other functions of the Church. Many delegations visit the Archbishop and many addresses are sent to him from various parts of the islands, praying that the people be not asked to receive the friars again. General Otis is convinced that to send them back by an order of the American Government would lead to their assassination in many instances, would give to the remnants of the rebellion a rallying cry, and would disaffect those portions of Luzon which, if they are not friendly to us, are at least indifferent as to who rules them.

On his side, the Archbishop thinks that they would be a power in strengthening and upholding the authority of the United States through the very awe in which, at heart, the people hold the priestly robe and office as long as no mestizo agitator is about to delude them with fine words. He calls attention to the fact that there are not enough native priests for one-fifth of the churches. We have no American priests to spare. If we had, they would be helpless because they would not know the language of their parishioners. Therefore, as he views the situation, the only thing to do is to return the friars for the present and gradually supplant them by priests from our own country. Meanwhile, he and the General, equally stubborn, are waiting for the home government to announce its decision. Possibly the solution will be a



THE STREET CLEANING FORCE OF MANILA

plebiscite of each parish as to whether it shall have its old padre back or not. This would be quite satisfactory to the local Presidentes and headmen of barrios, who express no doubt of a negative vote in nine cases out of ten.

If you are continually reminded of the religious question by the local papers, you are reminded in a more pleasant way, in passing through the narrow business thoroughfares, of the business "boom" of a sort which Manila is enjoying. While carefully abstaining from bulletins of any disasters to patrols and pack-trains, the press censor announces now and then that another port has been opened—which is substantial evidence that our authority in the archipelago is being gradually extended. A goodly part of the activity is due to the business of provisioning an army of 65,000 men, with this port as headquarters. In the days of Spain, Manila never saw anything like it. The quartermaster's department has twice as many steam launches at work as there were in the whole archipelago two years ago. Now for the first time since the outbreak of the rebellion the Manila-Dagupan Railroad is running a regular passenger train and carrying freight, so that the people in the Malolos Valley can send their rice to market. But the owners are not yet in possession of their property, by any means. General Otis is very loth to give it up. Its general manager, passenger agent and freight agent are officers of our versatile army, who may find themselves judges on the bench or governors of small islands six months later. They are taking in \$1,500 a day in fares alone and have to limit the number of tickets to the single train a day each way.

Except they come with recommendations from Washington, which forces General Otis to give them employment, few Americans—if we except those prospecting for gold—are investing any capital. It is the English and the Chinese firms which are adding to the flotillas of their merchant vessels and increasing their office room. The one American building under construction is the great cold storage warehouse on the Malate side of the suspension bridge. The white ants will make short shrift of the pine which we brought for it from the State of Washington, instead of using native lumber which is much cheaper and more durable.



CHIEF JUSTICE ARLANDO OF THE SUPREME COURT; A FILIPINO, A FRIEND OF THE AMERICANS, AND A JURIST OF VERY GREAT LEARNING IN CIVIL AND CRIMINAL LAW



FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN MANILA. SURGEON-MAJOR BROWN, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, AND HIS STAFF OF FILIPINO INSPECTORS



GENERAL SCHWAN'S OFFICERS LEADING A COLUMN OF INFANTRY OUT OF THE VILLAGE OF SOLEN, ON HIS RECENT "EXPEDITION OF PACIFICATION"

The enterprise of the Provost Marshal's government is apparent in letting a contract for widening the Bridge of Spain, which is now choked with traffic during the busy hours of the day; in improving the roads; in tearing down old walls which are an incumbrance to traffic, and in whitewashing others to the regret of artistic minds. Surgeon-Major Brown, of the department of contagious and infectious diseases, is losing weight daily in argument with refractory Chinamen who will not keep the tiny shops where they sleep, eat and work over their cesspool approximately clean. No doubt the enemy will wear him out; but, fortunately, we have other doctors who can take his place.

He arrests the Chinese in squads and takes them to the police court. Lieutenant Lawton, the judge, fines them five or ten dollars; they promise to reform, and continue to be litigious in the helpless manner of beings who cannot comprehend the nature or meaning of sanitation. The Chinese consul and palanca (a Chinese mestizo who is the Chinese "boss" of Manila) go to General Ous with the railings of a professionally persecuted race. They accuse the Filipino health inspectors of "squeezing" (blackmailing) their fellow-countrymen, as if that were the best excuse in the world for being lousy and throwing your slops on the floor at the foot of your bed.

The inspectors are tried, and, if proven guilty, are imprisoned or fined. New ones are hired in their places in the hope that they, too, will not go wrong. To the average Filipino about town, a child of the Orient tutored by Spain, a government position opens the way to make a few thousand dollars "Mex" in a short time. When he has that, he gets a coachman, carriage and span, gambles, and plays the part of a man of leisure until his money is gone. Fortunately, the educated ones in the country districts are less sophisticated. The health inspectors have much the same uniform as the native police, who have the same ingrained idea of official privileges and are prone to gather in groups in the streets, smoking and chatting instead of patrolling their beats.

In every department we have to enforce Spanish laws. That they do not represent our way of thinking is only one feature of our difficulties. Our officers do not understand the language of the people, and in the administration of justice they are entirely dependent upon interpreters who are often in the pay of one party or the other to a dispute. If our officials spoke the language they might become well enough acquainted with that great mystery, the working of a native's mind, to extract approximately truthful testimony from him. Finally, most of the Spanish records are missing, and we are left without precedents or even the history of cases that were pending before the courts at the time of our occupation of Manila.

Whether on the "hike" or in town, the White Man's Burden, when he lifts it from the shoulders of a Spaniard, is a nagging one which hurries him inevitably toward sick leave if he works with Western energy. In time, with organization and the establishment of a trained civil service, we may make it light enough so that it can be jauntily carried

under the arm in a portfolio. That, however, furnishes no immediate relief from present miseries.

In so far as General Otis seems to care, Aguinaldo may remain in the high mountains of Isabella Province eating the simple fare of savage Igorottes for generations to come. What should we do with him if we captured him? Punishment would make him a martyr in the eyes of the Filipinos, to say nothing of some people at home. Amnesty would simply be putting a premium on rebellion and inviting every half-breed in the land to attempt a revolution as soon as we had reduced our garrisons to a number somewhere approaching the possible revenue of the islands, which optimists at home are greatly overestimating. (I doubt if there will be a Philippine budget that will balance in the next twenty years.)

Intermittently, we hear rumors from Hong Kong and Singapore of launches having been sent for the rescue of the little dictator. If one ever is sent—such is the length of the coast line of Luzon and the difficulties of patrolling it—it would have little trouble in taking him on board at the rendezvous of some shallow and sheltered inlet where it could run in one night and out the next under the cover of darkness. Some launches said to be his have fallen into our hands already; but the enthusiasm of the captors quite outweighed any reasons in support of their hypothesis.

Aguinaldo does not want to be captured; and perhaps he knows by this time the reasons why we have given up the chase. After all, he is the great man of the rebellion. The talk that he was a mere figurehead emanated with his counselors. Mabini could write a better state paper than he and Buencamino was more of a diplomatist. Aguinaldo knows little Spanish, but he knows the language of the people, and the customs and folklore of the people. The only man who ever approached him at all in genius for organization, in which the average half-breed is lacking, was that other full-blooded Tagalog, Luna, who was put out of the way by assassination.

Aguinaldo now lives in a savage's hut with those of his leaders who did not return to the luxuries of Manila as soon as we drove the insurgents into the mountains. He keeps up communication with the different bands of insurgents, and is said to be planning great things for the rainy season. It is even reported by the same authorities who bring the news of his presence in Isabella, that he has fifty miles of telegraph line in operation. Meanwhile, no one is permitted to see his wife, who is a prisoner in Manila, although his mother is living in her old home at Cavite Vecchio. Insurgent officers are liberated within a few days after they are captured, much to the disgust of the army in general. Within a week after their release a few have been sent back to jail for a "few days more" because they were caught red-handed in inciting the people against our rule. We hear constant reports that these former insurgent officers, of whom there are hundreds in the city—the number of officers in any insurgent command being always ridiculously out of proportion to the privates—are inciting new members to the Katipunan Society, which has played the same part in all the revolutions in the Philippines that the Ethniko Hateria played in securing Greek independence. The new members are required to swear eternal warfare against the invaders and to take up arms when they are called next rainy season. Most of the recruiting agents have become addicted to habits of idleness, and they make an easy living out of the sums which they get for the cause at a time when the population of the city is earning more than ever before, owing to the wants of 65,000 men and the business resulting from the opening of the ports. The pay of one of our soldiers for one month is a great deal of money to a Filipino. They expend it freely, soldier fashion, in the little towns where they are garrisoned; and that, as much as anything else, is assisting pacification. Yet I must confess that from all I can learn in my travels through Luzon, the whole population dislike us, though some portions are much more indifferent to our rule than others.

That brings us to the question of our policy. Is it to be autocratic, like that of India, or to allow a large measure of self-government? The general opinion of the army is that the sense of gratitude of the insurgent officers is not sufficient to permit them to appreciate our liberality. They think that it would be well to make them realize the penalty of flouting the power of the United States by a term of imprisonment, followed by the banishment of two or three hundred half-breeds who live by agitation, who have always been and always will be firebrands. They were the radicals who forced the conservative Filipinos, such as Arlano, the present Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, out of Aguinaldo's Cabinet at Malolos when Aguinaldo himself was inclined to make peace with us—political gamblers who will always be a source of trouble. Better than banishment, many contend, would be confinement to one of the small islands as social lepers for a term of twenty years. That example would put an end to the making of real agitators out of worthless coachmen, house-boys and clerks. Now the agitators can with impunity explain our acts as they choose



GENERAL SCHWAN'S TROOPS CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN PATH IMPROVED BY THE ENGINEERS, BETWEEN CAVITE AND BATANGAS PROVINCES

to the people in earshot of the American who can reach only the few through an interpreter. The people believe in them just enough to believe their cock-and-bull stories, but not enough to consider them martyrs, as they would Aguinaldo. If we put them on an island where they would have no audience, the cost of maintaining the whole parcel of agitators would be less than that of maintaining a platoon of American soldiers in these islands for a year. As it is, each one is costing us as much as a platoon.

With our troops in every province of the islands, the average regiment is stretched out into five garrisons, each one of which has its headquarters in some town or village. Whenever any insurgents are seen in a garrison's sphere an expedition with full haversacks starts out after them. They go as far as they can and as long as they can and then return to their headquarters to "rest up." If their quest is hopeless, perhaps the affable local Presidente, being disloyal at heart, enjoys their discomfiture.

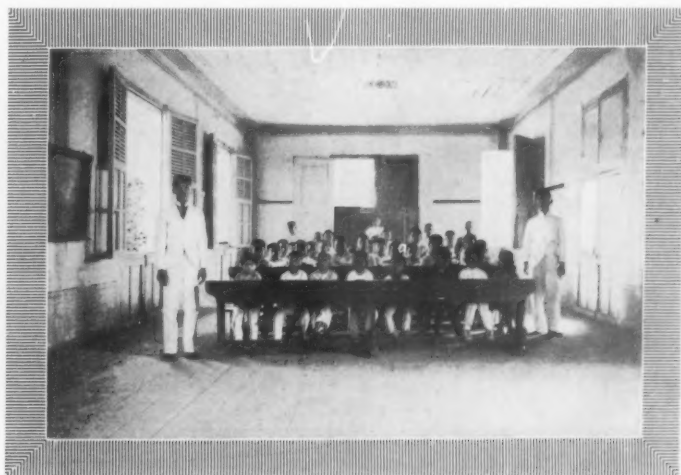
As a rule, they bring back a rifle or two. Insurgent rifles are worth their weight in gold to us, and cost us more. By the time the men have had a few long nights' sleep it depends upon the company or regimental commander whether or not he goes looking for insurgents even if there is none in sight. Division orders to keep moving are absolute, but the weariness of a tired soldier appeals more to a captain than to a major-general. The enemy, nowadays, always splits up into columns of one. The column is just as anxious to keep his rifle out of our hands as we are to get it. Our little brown man pets his rifle and talks to it as if it were a living thing. He is fonder of it than of his wife and picaninies. This affection is in one sense to our interest. He buries his rifle so often that he frequently gets it out of order; and he grows more and more loth to make a stand in numbers, as he finds that then he stands a good chance to lose it.

By all odds the hardest-worked members of the army are the doctors. As the troops are now distributed, three surgeons to a regiment are nothing like enough. Forty garrisons, some of them separated by long distances, and connected only by paths with regimental headquarters, are without surgeons.

Colonel Greenleaf, the chief surgeon, is receiving checks from people at home with which to buy luxuries for the sick. When he turns the money over to his surgeons they usually refuse it on the ground that they have no need for it. The government provides every luxury that a sick soldier should have. What is needed, and greatly needed, is a fund for the wives and families of officers and men who die. The officer, like the private, once he has a commission in his country's army, spends his pay as fast as he draws it—sometimes before he draws it. A young surgeon who refused to give up work until it was too late died only the other day, leaving his wife without enough funds to cable home. In this and many other instances the friends have to "chip in" the money needed out of their own pockets.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SCHWAN AND STAFF, AT BATANGAS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY CORPORAL OF THE ENGINEER CORPS AND PRESENTED TO OUR CORRESPONDENT



A TYPICAL FILIPINO SCHOOLROOM. ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ALL THE SCHOOLS WERE PRESENTED WITH AMERICAN FLAGS BY LAFAYETTE POST, U. S. A.



The Outlaw

Being the Narration of a Portion of the Career of
Oliver Challen, Captain R.A.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

AUTHOR OF "GALLOPING DICK," "THE WEB OF A SPIDER," ETC., ETC.

DRAWINGS BY C. HARDING

I—OF THE SHUTTERED HOUSE



THE CIRCUMSTANCES of that strange and terrible period of my life, to the relation of which I am now setting my hand, may very well appear incredible to others, as they would have been inconceivable to me ere I was involved in the actual events. But I am willing to excite any incredulity, and even to run the risk of being branded for a liar, partly out of a sense that it is necessary to my own honor to clear myself in the public mind, and in part because the record of my adventures and my sufferings may not be without use and interest to my fellows. As for the truth of this statement which I am to make, the facts are known in every detail to one man at least—Detective Sergeant Drummond; and there are others at Scotland Yard and elsewhere, including Colonel Simms Little, R.E., who can bear witness to the chief events narrated; so that in any case I snap my fingers at the incredulous with equanimity.

I date the beginning of my troubles from the 10th day of December in the year 189-, at which time I was but newly returned from India after five years' service with my regiment, including some hard fighting among the hill-tribes. I had taken a wound in a recent skirmish, had been invalided home, and, on the day I speak of, had been enjoying my convalescence and London for some three months. In town I put up always at my club, a house convenient to the stations, the theatres, the restaurants, and indeed to all the central seats of business and pleasure. The morning of the 10th dawned, thick with mist and rain; and when I rose it was to throw open the window and peer out upon the dirty sky disconsolately from my lofty bedroom. I had to meet an old friend in some small place near Croydon, and the weather threatened me with an abominable expedition. But I was too old a soldier to be pulled up by a bit of dirt, and late in the afternoon I was rattling along in the train for Purley Junction. My friend's house lay a little back from the station, and in a rustic nook—a pleasant spot enough in which to spend the summer, within call of the glowing common, and under the shadow of slowly-rising hills. His name, house, the place itself, and the transactions of that evening bear in no way upon my narration; or, rather, they have this connection only—that I found the company so congenial and the welcome so warm that I lingered beyond the proper hour of departure, and when finally I hurried off and reached the station, it was to find the last train gone.

The sky had cleared and the night was showing blue. I was warm from my company, and was propelled by an abundant flow of vitality. I would not go back to the house and beg a lodging; on the contrary, I would walk on and catch a train at Croydon. At Croydon, however, there was no train due for some time, and, rather than wait, I resolved to push on. It was dry overhead, the air was fresh, I was quite enjoying the exercise. Why not continue to the confines of the urban radius and pick up a wandering cab?

I had walked thirty miles and more under a roasting sun in tropic and difficult countries; and presently I found the landmarks of the journey pass me indifferently easy. I drew into more populous quarters along a straight blind road. No voice or footstep broke the stillness; not even a policeman was in sight. I guessed it was somewhere between two and three in the morning, the dearest of all the nocturnal hours. The road, hereabout, in that southern suburb, was broad and broken by tramway lines. The houses upon each side lay at the back of little gardens, and, I could fancy, were deeply embowered in the summer. The district was strange to me, but I could only suppose that I was drawing into London from my direction, as well as from the increasing numbers of the houses. I remember that I walked still briskly, smoking a cigar, and entertaining very cheerful thoughts, with no suspicion that within an hour my life would be so horribly contorted and maimed. The night was quite black, and the rain had begun to fall again. As I noticed this I saw, standing at a gate a little in front of me, the figure of a tall man, partly thrown into view by the full gleam of a gas-lamp. I barely noticed him and no more; I strode on—when suddenly he stepped out upon the pavement and stopped me.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, speaking very courteously but as though under the influence of some profound feeling, "but I should be very grateful if you could help me."

I searched his face, for the moment quite at a loss to understand what he wanted. He gave an odd little laugh.

"My dear sir," he said, interpreting my perplexity—"no, I don't mean that. What I want is a witness. There is an urgent necessity—I will explain presently. May I ask you to come in? Indeed, it is but your signature as a witness I want."

"It seems an odd time to want a deed signed," I remarked, considering him.

"It is," he said, "hence my need of you," but offered no further explanation. He was a good-looking man, somewhat pale of color, and with delicate features; he was clearly a gentleman. I threw away my cigar.

"Very well," said I, "I am at your service."

He thanked me and without further ado led the way through the gate, and along a little wintry path to the door of the house beyond. It was a large, ugly building, completely shuttered in front, which I thought remarkable, and a thin thread of light shone from the hall. The door was ajar, and the man pushed it open. A bitter wind and rain came flying up the wretched garden, set the empty branches creaking and whistled into the house. It was a horrid, melancholy sound. I stepped over the threshold, and the door clapped to sharply. In that instant the face of this man, turned as it was to me with an invitation, showed drawn, white and ghastly, yet was lighted, as it seemed to me, with a sickly flicker of satisfaction.

"Will you be good enough to follow me?" he said; "it is downstairs."



THE FIGURE OF A TALL MAN THROWN INTO VIEW BY THE FULL GLEAM OF A GAS-LAMP

I had taken some steps along the hall, which rang loudly in my ears, dismal with echoes. It was as if some bare house were calling from all its empty chambers. But at the top of the stairs which descended into the basement I paused momentarily; a faint misgiving affected me; and then, dismissing the thought, I clattered down the bare steps upon the heels of my host. We came immediately upon that into a room, barely furnished with a patch of carpet, a table and some chairs, and presenting the appearance of a shabby breakfast-room. It was lighted by a blazing gas-jet in the centre of the ceiling, a small asbestos fire glowed on the hearth, and before the fire, with her eyes on the door, stood a tall, strong and handsome woman. She might have been about thirty years of age, and her features were marked by pallor, like those of the man, but were broader and bolder. She had the air of courage and resolution, very different from his more delicate manner; yet upon both man and woman were the signs and traces of a strong contest.

"This gentleman," said the man, introducing me, "has been so very good as to oblige us."

"You are very good," said the lady, bowing at me, but

without any expression in her eyes. "You must think me mad; but it is really a matter of great moment to us."

"My dear madam," I said, "I am delighted if I can be of an use, even at this late hour." I turned to the table, where the man was fingering among papers. "Perhaps you will let me know what I can do."

There was a sudden silence, and then the woman spoke. "Will you explain?" she said harshly to the other.

He started and began rummaging among the papers uneasily. "Of course," he said, in his somewhat mincing voice. "Here is a document which I should like you, sir, to sign as a witness. Will you please take a seat at this table?"

I sat down before the document he indicated, and set my hand on it. I looked up. "You wish me to read this?" I asked.

The man hesitated. "If you desire to," said the woman coldly. "We are not known to you, and therefore our private affairs cannot interest you."

"That is true," I said; "yes, I see no necessity to read it. I am to witness your signatures." I took them, as a sudden inspiration, to be husband and wife who had emerged from some tragic relations and were resolved to part. The story of their recent ructions was still visible on their countenances. "Adelaide Katherine Shaw"—"Reginald Hunt Shaw," I read aloud; "in the presence of . . ." and I dipped my pen in the ink.

The man Shaw, standing by my side, held one hand upon the paper, as if to keep it straight and smooth for me. His fingers trembled; and my glance went up involuntarily, seeking his face. He was conscious of my scrutiny—he moistened his lips, but held his eyes averted. From him my gaze travelled, all within a brief interval of time, across the table to his wife, as I conceived her. She had fallen into a chair by the fire, her face thrust over the chair-back toward us, her eyes directed on me, expressing some nameless terror, the look of a woman compressing her mouth. She did not flinch, like her husband, but met me, still with that signal of fear. I remember that this extreme agitation thus exhibited by each in different ways moved me with a certain sense of pity for these unfortunate people. They had made, it seemed, a shipwreck of their lives together, and were yet suffering under the fume and fever of their conflicting passions. I put the pen to the paper. "Oliver Challen," I said, as I wrote, and I added the name of my club.

A great gust of a sigh breathed from the man beside me. "We are much indebted to your courtesy," he said; but I could not but fancy that his lips parted in some mean and cunning smile—grin, indeed, I might call it.

I rose. "You are welcome," and I reached for my hat on the table.

Upon that the woman also got to her feet, and coming forward began to talk. She had been silent until now, silent with a grim rigor of control; but she broke all at once into what in contrast with her previous taciturnity might be interpreted as garrulosity. I imagined, in accordance with my theory, that the strain had been somewhat lifted from both by this simple act of mine. They breathed freer, and returned at a bound to their normal characters. The man, Shaw, put the document swiftly into his pocket.

"It is a wet night," said he, "and the wind blows keenly."

"You are very wet," cried the woman, suddenly noticing my clothes. "You must not go out in that condition, sir!"

"You will at least drink a glass of hot whiskey?" said Shaw, in his soft and frightened voice.

"My dear madam," I replied, "I am accustomed to weather, but certainly, if you have the whiskey . . ."

Shaw left the room at once, and I sat down by the fire and warmed my hands. The woman stood at a little distance, silent still, but casting now and then a clandestine glance at me. I could perceive once, when I observed her, that her nostrils were quivering, and she put a hand on the mantelpiece as if for support. When Shaw returned he filled me a glass of toddy, stirred the fire, offered me a cigar, and had managed to assume a false air of brisk cheerfulness. The discomfort of their minds was plainest in their long, unnatural pauses; it was as though they were unready fetched back to the present from their thoughts. It was odd; but I had the thought that to neither of them did I quite exist; they barely were conscious of me; and it was only the mechanical form of politeness which they maintained. I warmed myself; my clothes steamed in the heat; I sipped at my glass and observed them.

Suddenly Shaw started, and made a movement as if listening. He apologized: "Pray excuse me; I will be back presently," and hastily, and with signs of great excitement, withdrew, leaving me there with the woman.

She plied her fingers restlessly in her dress, eying me when she fancied I did not observe her. A certain silence fell upon us. Once our eyes met, and with a start she came back from somewhere and parted her lips as if to speak. But no sound issued from her mouth—a sort of gulp was swallowed in her throat. She got to her feet, and I saw that she trembled like a lath in the wind. Again she advanced toward me, struggling with speech, but quickly turned and fled from the room in a rush.

I rose, and for a moment thought of following her, but recollecting that Shaw would presently return, and considering that I might be rudely intruding upon some intestine and private emotions, I came back to the fire. As I did so a little noise, striking through the uncurtained window by the fireplace, saluted my ears, and, approaching, I looked out. The window, sunk in that basement half-way below the level of the ground, fronted the garden and the street. The rain was falling heavily, but across the blackness of the night streamed the thin rays of the light within the hall above. They fell coldly, faintly, tremulously upon the face of a man standing before the door. I had but a glimpse of the features as the door was opened and he vanished into the house; but the impression I had was that of a fat, smooth-shaven man. I returned and sank back into my seat. It was a strange hour for visitors, yet the situation of these two people was peculiar throughout. I resolved to finish my toddy and go forth, without waiting further. I stretched my legs comfortably; I sipped at the glass, I warmed myself; and the peace of one who has contended with the inhospitable elements and is soundly tired stole on me. Outside the wind whirled among the branches and the rain drove against the panes.

All of a sudden I was startled by a noise. It was sharp, loud and instantaneous, and rang above the sounds of the uproarious night. I believe that with the warmth and comfort I must have dozed, but this startling interruption on the stillness of the house roused me thoroughly. Commingling through my senses ran the nocturnal whistlings and howlings, yet I was conscious that this strange new sound had alarmed me. It set all my nerves on edge. I started to my feet and went quickly to the door. It was locked.

For the first time I began to conceive a dread of my surroundings, and to have more than a suspicion of my adventure. It seemed beyond doubt now that something was amiss. What could it be? And how was I to get out? Who had locked me in? And why? These questions danced through my mind in flashes; and upon that, as suddenly and unexpectedly as the alarm before, the gas went sharply out, and the room was filled with the blackness of midnight.

I stood where I was for fully thirty seconds. The gas-fire had gone out with the gas-jet, and with that darkness seemed to have fallen the silence of the grave. Presently I set my hand again upon the handle of the door and shook it. It yielded in no way, and, after a vain effort to break the hinges, I groped my way across the room, and finding the window, threw back the latch and lifted the sash. Here again I was brought to a pause, for outside a row of heavy iron bars forbade all hope of egress. I sat down in the chair and began to consider the situation. The reason for my incarceration eluded me. Why was I locked in so unceremoniously, and with such treacherous pretences? I could frame no conjecture. Yet you can conceive my position, and the dismal agitation of my mind, thus to be imprisoned in that subterranean chamber, enveloped in thick darkness, and with no guess as to the fate that was intended for me, or the transactions in which I was involved. I must have sat for half an hour in this disconsolate state of mind. The storm was still striding through the garden, and gibbering about the house, but through its noises I seemed now to catch a sound as of a key turned somewhere. Jumping quickly to my feet I stumbled toward the door, and, pulling at the handle, found it open. I stepped out swiftly, and, breathing deeply in that new sense of safety, peered above me into the darkness of the stairway. A sound as of some person moving stealthily came down to me; and, encouraged by this evidence of human life, as well as inspired with a fresh and flowing anger, I made up the steps, groping and feeling my way.

I paused at intervals to listen, and reports of that other body were signalled to me. I heard breathing not my own, and a creak of the stairs echoed in that bare house. I think we both must have advanced very slowly; for, consider—the place was pitch-black, and I at least had no notion of the plan of the house nor of the identity of this invisible creature I was following. But soon a cold stream of wind plied about my shoulders, and, from a dull break in the darkness, I realized hastily that we had come into the hall and that the door stood open to the garden.

Here lay my proper road, and I have no doubt that I should have taken it, and left forever the mysteries of the strange house; but at this moment I was aware of something brushing by the wall, and of swift, uncertain footsteps ahead. I turned from the freedom of the outer air, and, seized with an irresistible curiosity, sprang forward in the direction of the sound. I grasped nothing but the empty air, and my foot stumbling on the foremost step of the ascending stairway I came to the floor. Picking myself up, I listened, and there seemed to float down the soft sounds of creeping feet. Utterly bewildered by this experience, and strung to a high note of interest, I pushed noiselessly up the stairs toward the first floor.

Directed from time to time by creaks and snatches of sound, I moved on, always forward, in pursuit of this receding creature. Once I was almost tempted to laugh at myself for a fool, and to suppose that I was stalking in this furtive and diligent spirit no more than a wandering cat. But I had some other sense upon me, a sense of the unfathomable, even a sense of alarm; and I held to my quest. I was now conscious that I had entered a large room, uncarpeted and bare, and that my quarry was somewhere before. I caught the sound of hard breathing, as of one in distress, as I came to a pause near the centre of the room. The chamber appeared to me, though silent, to sing loudly with the darkness and the stillness. Immense whispers were in my ears. I had a gr at feeling of strain upon all my senses; and I darted forward, and all—over what?

The thing was soft and silent. I had one match in my pocket, which I had carefully preserved against an emergency. I struck it swiftly, the flare suddenly illuminated the central patch of the room, and I was looking down at the fat, smooth face of the man I had seen enter at the door not an hour before.

uttered a cry, and a second cry started upon mine; the which fell from my agitated fingers and went out. Shaking myself, I stood in the darkness and the stillness, by the side of that dead body, and the creature I had pursued was standing somewhere nearby in the room.

I had no hesitation in my mind. This man had been murdered, and the object of my chase was the murderer. Among the perplexities of this mysterious affair this much was clear to me. And perhaps I, too, had been a predestined victim. God alone know. My back stiffened; I set my teeth together. I had caged the murderer, and I would keep him there. I sat down by the doorway and began my vigil.

I cannot give you any exact idea of that abominable watch in such gressome company—the murderer and his victim. I sat for more than an hour, with my eyes open upon that darkness, listening, straining, attentive to every interruption of the quiet. The living had sunk into the silence which the dead brought, and at first I feared that he had escaped. But presently I was aware of a fluttered breathing, such as I had heard before, issuing from the opaque nothingness of the room. It grew and fell; it frightened me; it seemed almost as if it was the inspiration of the dead, and that not far from me the basom of that hapless wretch was slowly rising and falling with the return of life.

I was so worn upon by my dreadful watch. The door was open; I had access to the garden and the night; yet I clung to my post as a soldier should cling to the duty he has had imposed upon him.

So wore an hour or more away, and presently after I perceived about the edges of the shuttered windows dim lines and shafts of growing light. I waited but a little longer, and then, quickly making for the wall, I threw open the shutters with a movement, and at a stride the dawn was in the room.

It fell, gray and wan, upon the corpse upon the floor, with its fat swarthy face and black glimmering eyes; and slowly, and as though reluctantly, it detached from the wall the figure of a woman, standing, her eyes fastened upon the body.

It was Mrs. Shaw. I was amazed and startled. Somehow the possibility had never occurred to me, and I had in my innermost thoughts conceived it to be the man Shaw himself that I was guarding. She had the horror of that night upon her face—it was haggard, streaked with ghastly colors; and as I



... SHAW NEVER MOVED FROM WHERE HE HAD FALLEN

stepped forward into the room I was conscious that her gray and kindling eyes were upon me. They were the eyes of a ghost. From beside the dead man I addressed her:

"This is murder," I said. "Who has done this?"

She made no answer, keeping her gaze upon me.

"Madam," I pursued, "it is necessary that we should come to some understanding. I am invited into this house—hired, apparently, by your husband; I am locked in a room; and I find this and you together. What am I to think?"

She returned no answer, but shifted her gaze to the dead man, shrinking with a tiny shudder into the wall.

But I was not to go unanswered, for at that moment a voice sounded behind me, and, turning quickly, I came face to face with Shaw. He was miserably changed, but the change was not for the better. The furtive, hesitating look was gone from his face, and instead I beheld a countenance charged with savagery and diabolic in its disorder.

"You may ask that," he said, with a ferocious sneer, "but the question is what are the police to think?"

He had the air of one drunk, at least with his own passions; and he was smoking a cigar, from which he knocked the ashes. His eyes wandered everywhere save in the direction of the corpse.

"What are you doing here?" he asked savagely of his wife. Still she made no sign, opening her mouth but saying nothing.

It was I who spoke, for now I seemed to see it all. "You have done this," I cried; "you have killed this man."

He glanced at me askew, his mouth working. "No doubt you have evidence," he said, with a sneer.

"I have this evidence," I replied sternly; "that I will have the police here in five minutes and put them in possession of the whole story."

He laughed shortly, almost with exultation. "I hope we shall see the police," he exclaimed; "they are very badly wanted."

I went to the window, and he made a step to follow me.

"You had better consider ere you go further," he said with meaning, a black look gathering on his face.

I turned sharply, afraid of a murderous attack.

"No," he replied, with a serpentine grin, "you have nothing to fear from me, only from your own actions."

"What!" I cried, "you fool, do you dare to accuse me of having a hand in this foul murder?"

He shrugged his shoulders mechanically. "Not I," he said. "I have just come on the scene. My wife and I were passing early to catch a train at Waterloo into the country, and hearing a noise were induced to enter this house through the open doorway."

He spoke deliberately, keeping his eye on me, his brows bent, his fingers rolling the cigar round and round. I even laughed, the story was so grotesque; and from being horrified, I was growing angry now.

"Well, the police may consider this all in due time," I said.

"They will have a simple matter to determine," he replied quietly, but as it were spitting the words in my face. "This man's name is Kennedy," and for the first time he threw a glance at the corpse. "I see he has been shot. It is murder," and he gasped on the word: "who could have done it but some one who had a grudge against him?"

"You!" I cried.

"No," he said: "the man who wrote a letter to him, inviting him to come to this house last night—the man who signed that letter—Oliver Challen!"

"It is false!" I exclaimed in my bewilderment; "I never heard of the man."

"On the contrary," said he, "you signed a typewritten letter last night."

A horrible thought overtook me. "The document—!" I cried.

"You wrote on a piece of paper which lay beneath that letter," he said. "Come, Mr. Challen," he went on, for I fell back in that amazing shock: "there is no harm done yet. We wish you no evil. The door is open, and there is time to get away. The letter lies in Kennedy's pocket, but you will be far away by the time it is found."

Suddenly a fury seized me; the treachery of this diabolical trick raised me to a passion of indignation. I made a rush at him.

"Stand back!" he cried, and, swiftly drawing, cocked a revolver; but like a tiger I sprang upon him, striking at him with my fist and with all my force. An explosion followed, I seemed to see the course of a bullet as it tore along the bare floor and came to a stop in the corner; but Shaw never moved from where he had fallen. My blow, delivered with such force, had taken him under the ear, and I think he never breathed again.

The incidents here related had passed very rapidly. Not five minutes had elapsed since Shaw's entrance; and now he lay dead by the side of his victim. I had forgotten all but that dreadful fact, when I was recalled to my surroundings by the woman's voice. "He is dead?" she asked, and, bending by my shoulder, peered into the face of her husband. I said nothing, for I could find no words to speak, confronted by that dual tragedy. She was poised for one full minute above her dead, and then drew back and faced me.

"You have killed him," she said quietly; and, strange to say, at that moment, even in the growing light I noticed that her hair, which had been black some hours ago, was streaked with white.

"God knows I meant nothing," I exclaimed. "It is all too horrible!"

She fixed her eyes on me. "Listen," she said: "that man"—and she made a terrible gesture of hatred toward the dead man Kennedy—"that man was infamous. He kept us in terror of our lives. It was blackmail. We, who are young, had grown old under him. He had to die. What right had you to judge between us?"

She spoke very quietly, but very tersely.

"I judge no man," I said dully. "But I pray God that I would never fasten my crime on some one else."

"He was desperate," she went on, meaning her husband. "He had tried everything. But he gave you your chance. You might have got away. Why, at the risk of everything I crept back to set you free betimes, that you might escape. See, and she put her hand to her bosom, "here is what I stole to save you, stole from that—that body—the letter which should condemn you. He never knew it, but I could not let you suffer. You might have walked through the door into the night and have gone. I perilled our lives to save you. And this—is this what I have gained?"

She turned her eyes upon the prostrate body of her husband, still without expression; but suddenly her features moved, struck with some violent emotion.

"And now," she cried, "it is too late. You have killed him. You have murdered him. Here are your two victims. You are a double murderer."

"What do you mean?" I returned.

She rushed to the window, calm no longer, but taken and shaken in a terrible gust of passion. "They are at the gate now. They see the open door. I will have you handed over to them. I—"

I made for the window; but that mad woman, thinking that I was about to break through, raised a shrill scream, and then below (for she had spoken truly) I caught sight of two constables hurrying toward the house, excited by the fearful cry. At once the terrible position in which I stood, sprang in a revelation upon me. Perhaps it was that awful scream that actuated me, perhaps I was unmoved by the abominable experience of these past three hours, and it may be that I was left still weak from my wound. Probably all these facts had some share in the fatal step I took, which then and there, and in a second of time, deflected the current of my life. But whatever was the cause, I turned leaving the woman screaming at the window; and, flying down the stairs at a leap, I broke open the back door, and fled across the patch of garden behind into the gray and hopeless dawn.

THE END OF THE FIRST STORY





DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

THE QUEEN'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE GUNS OF DUBLIN CASTLE ROARED THEIR FIRST SALUTE IN HONOR OF IRELAND'S UNION TO ENGLAND. NOW, AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, THE QUEEN'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND. AT THE SAME OLD RAMPARTS HAS BEEN FIRED IN COMMEMORATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND. MEN WERE PERMITTED TO REHOLD THEIR SOVEREIGN IN THEIR OWN LAND

The PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST of 1900

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

NOTE—THE EDITOR DESIRES TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAS ARRANGED FOR A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING GENERALLY WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST OF 1900, FROM THE PEN OF HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, LATE EDITOR OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AND ONE OF THE ABLEST POLITICAL WRITERS IN AMERICA. THESE ARTICLES WILL APPEAR FROM WEEK TO WEEK, AND PRESENT A COMPREHENSIVE RECORD OF WHAT WILL PROVE THE MOST INTERESTING AND SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN RECENT YEARS.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION

THE IMPORTANCE of the approaching Presidential campaign cannot be overestimated. Writers and politicians said this four years ago of that campaign, and they were right then as they are now. It is the historic fact that, in 1896, the Democracy waged a contest which for frankness has not been equalled since the popular movement which made Andrew Jackson President. Mr. Bryan was nominated by the first convention that was absolutely controlled by real modern Democrats, by men sincerely hostile to what they call the "money power" of the East, who really want free trade and official restraint of the great combinations generally denominated trusts. Mr. Bryan's candidacy and his two platforms—that of Chicago and that of the Populists—were extravagant expressions of what, for brevity, I shall call the anti-plutocracy element of our social organization, and a very important element it turned out to be, since it gave to Mr. Bryan 6,500,000 votes. It is unnecessary to recite the various professions of the platform of four years ago. It is only necessary to state that the silver or money question was an opportune issue raised by the Democrats who had broken away from Eastern control, for the purpose of defeating the Republican party and the Republican policy. That policy, in their opinion, had resulted in turning over the government to those who have been enriched by its legislation, and whose interest and profit lay in maintaining their hold upon the taxing power. The demand for silver and depreciated currency was simply an incident of a large movement. This movement has commanded the assent of a great majority of the Democrats since 1875, when the party came into control of the House of Representatives for the first time since 1861. It was expressed in efforts to lower tariff duties, and those efforts found a response in the Middle West and the Mississippi Valley, whose States then began to send Democratic Representatives to Congress. The party was prevented from fulfilling its pledges on the tariff question by a minority large enough to enable the Republicans to defeat, or pervert, every Democratic tariff measure introduced in Congress. These minority Democrats, except a few from iron, fruit and sugar producing districts in Ohio, California, Louisiana, and Northern Virginia, were from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut; and this fact has intensified the hostile sentiment among free-trade Democrats of the West and South. Finally, the perversion of the Wilson bill by Eastern Democratic Senators caused a revolt of which Bryan and his platform were the embodiment and the voice. The Democracy dropped the tariff issue and caught up that of free silver, and in doing so they prepared a programme which seemed to many Democrats, especially the leaders who were foremost in the struggle for revenue reform, to be a threat not only against the prosperity but the honor of the country; for its triumph not only promised a depreciation of the currency, but a forced reduction of debts, a violation of the government's promise to the public creditor and an impairment of the public credit. It is important to note and to remember that those Democrats, who were the cause of this extraordinary revolt by reason of their alliance with the Republican party on the tariff question, remain in the Democratic organization. Most of them openly supported Bryan; others were quiescent, but did not support McKinley or Palmer and Buckner. The strong leaders who had struggled for the professed principles of the party were driven out.

The campaign of 1896 was important not only because its result were involved, or seemed to be involved, immediate business interests and the moral question, but because the Republican party then found itself face to face with an exasperated Democracy, and the Republican party then represented, as it continues to represent, the policies of the government as they are established by the statute law—its currency system, its banking system, its relations to the manufacturing interests, to the railroads, to internal improvements, and to the States. The Democratic party made war, in 1896, on these policies, and in doing so, selected as a point of attack that in which the Republican party was strongest, for there it commanded the alliance of a very great number of conservative Democrats—how many I shall not venture to say, for if I did I might be accused of a partisanship or predilection of which I am endeavoring to avoid the expression, or even suggestion, in these articles.

The result of the election of 1896 was the continuation of the policies which had been attacked. The election of Mr. McKinley cannot, however, be considered a settlement of the large question at issue between the Republican party and the Democracy. I use the word Democracy because the Democracy is larger than the Democratic party, and that party, as it is when it elected Mr. Cleveland, has, for the time at least, disappeared. The forces behind Mr. Bryan were composed of what, when analyzed, seem heterogeneous, and antagonistic elements; for the old Democratic party was mainly the party of individualism. Its essential, or mental principles were never so clearly formulated as

in the Indianapolis platform upon which Palmer and Buckner were the candidates, for the framers of that platform did not feel bound to make concessions for mere vote-getting purposes. In the Bryan party, however, were found Socialists and Populists who seek for remedies for the evils which they believe to exist by an exaggeration of the Republican doctrine of protection. They say, in effect, to the Government: "You have made the manufacturers rich by means of a protective tariff, come to our assistance by loaning us the public money on the security of our lands and crops, and by owning and running the railroads and reducing the freight charges on our products." They make other demands of a like nature, but these sufficiently indicate the character of their political philosophy. The party with which they are allied cannot be correctly described as the Democratic party. For once, all that is opposed to Republicanism was, in 1896, united against it, and was defeated.

As I have said, McKinley's victory did not settle the main issue on which the division has been plainly marked during at least eighty years of the government's existence. The money question is settled, however, and cannot be revived. The country has deliberately and definitely adopted the standard of value of the commercial world. No party can make headway against that fact. No party can succeed in this country if its success is to be followed by a serious attempt to change the standard, or to reestablish fiat money, either of metal or paper. That question, at least, is determined, and for all time. But what I have called the main issue concerns the power of the government to levy taxes or to enact laws in aid of private interests. The issue is old but unsettled. It is nearly as old as the government. It was once thought to have been settled by the tariffs of 1846 and 1857, but the discussion was renewed immediately after the war and has continued until recently. It has always been subject to interruptions from questions exciting the passions or appealing to the moral sentiments of the voters, and it has been generally thought to be dry; but its continued existence and its constant reappearances demonstrate not only its vitality but reveal the important fact that it most completely formulates the issue between those whose interests are benefited by the legislation of the government and those who bear the burdens without receiving any such benefit. The beneficiaries have remained in power by reason of the triumph of McKinley, and the dissatisfied consumers are still out of power. The former have strengthened their partnership with the government by the enactment of the Dingley law, and they are showing in various ways, especially by their movement in behalf of subsidies for steamship lines, that they still regard their policy as sound and effective. Therefore, if there had been no war with Spain, and no such birth of questions, national and international, as has followed and resulted from that war, the two parties would be now approaching the coming Presidential contest on the old issue, and the result would not be doubtful if the Democracy insisted upon clinging to the dead silver issue of the Chicago platform and the campaign of 1896. The reelection of McKinley would be assured, notwithstanding the enactment of the Dingley law, the extension of the national bank circulation, and the consequent postponement of national bank and currency reform. On the simple old issue, those Democrats who have always opposed what they call "class legislation"—that is, protective legislation—would again vote against Bryan because of his views concerning money, and they would again vote for McKinley and put his reelection beyond peradventure, because he would be the candidate of the party that stands for the single gold standard.

We come now to the new issue of the campaign of 1900, and we must inquire how the war and the issue of imperialism, in its various phases, affect the contest. In the first place, they make it a contest of vital importance; for if the Republicans, led by Mr. McKinley, carry the election, it will be decided that the republic can govern our new possessions as dependencies; that, in respect of them, the President and Congress are absolute and irresponsible rulers; that the Constitution, with its limitations upon government and its grants of rights and privileges to individuals, only applies when Congress passes a statute extending it over the possessions and their peoples; that, this being so, the Constitution can be withdrawn after it has been extended; that as many different tariffs and systems of taxation may be enforced as there are islands. On the other hand, if Bryan is elected, it will be decided that all these new lands and strange peoples are part of the territory of the United States and citizens thereof. Eventually there must result, from the adoption of the Republican view, a large crop of questions which do not properly find a place in this campaign; such as, whether the power of the Executive must not be largely increased to meet its increased tasks. But these questions fall naturally under the particular topic of imperialism to which a paper in this series will be devoted.

In no Presidential campaign since that of 1860 have the characters of the government and of the people of this country been so deeply involved as they will be in this contest between the Republican party and the Democracy. The issue of imperialism—I use the word for convenience and not by way of

criticism—changes the whole aspect of the campaign. The two parties, or forces, are not to meet one another on the simple old issue, and without regard to what the Bryan platform may declare; the silver question will cut hardly any figure in the campaign. In the Eastern States a large number of votes will be cast against Bryan because of his silver record; in the far Western States he will receive some votes on account of his silver promises. But the discussion will not be on silver; it will be on imperialism in its many phases, and this new issue develops naturally, and emphasizes the standing difference between the Republican party and the old Democratic party, and between the former and the Democracy that contended against it four years ago. The Democracy opposes imperialism, while the Republican leaders favor it. The new issue is decidedly an advantage to those who have been trying to reduce tariff charges and those who are frankly in favor of free trade, for the maintenance of distant possessions necessitates increased taxation, a much larger army and navy, while it augments the chances of war. These arguments of the anti-imperialists appeal to the people who, for thirty years, have been demanding a decrease of taxation, and whom it will be difficult to persuade to regard favorably any change in government which has already, in three years, increased the taxes of the Federal government from five dollars per capita to about eight dollars per capita. The anti-imperialists will also include those who may be termed the inveterate enemies of the protectionists, who see in the annexation of distant countries and foreign peoples simply another opportunity for commercial exploitation on the part of those who have always sought and, of late, generally obtained, the alliance of the government with their private enterprises. Imperialism to these old free traders is simply another word for what they look upon as greedy commercialism, which seeks the profit of a few at the expense of the many. The feeling of these free-trade anti-imperialists is intensified by the recent action of the Republican President and Congress in respect of the Puerto Rican tariff act. They see in Mr. McKinley's change of mind and the reversal of the first decision of the Ways and Means Committee a surrender to the protected interests, and as this change was avowedly made for the purpose of relieving Congress from the embarrassment of a precedent when the time should come for legislation for the Philippines, the character of this issue became fixed and definite. The Republicans must depend on the proposition that they intend to take advantage of the productive and commercial possibilities of all the new islands for the profit of the protected interests of this country.

So far as the issue of imperialism becomes an adjunct of the older issue on the tariff, it holds steady to the Bryan party all those who voted with it in 1896, and it provides a reason of a good deal of force why most of the gold Democrats who, directly or indirectly, supported McKinley should not vote for him again. Among these are not to be counted the Eastern Democrats whose protection views and votes are, as I have said, largely responsible for the Bryan revolt. There is no reason why they should not vote again for McKinley, and it is from them mainly that will come the votes against Bryan on account of his silver record. It is because of his knowledge of the hostility of these men, of their political and economic opinions, and of their undoubted power in the organization of their party, that Bryan has determined to make his contest in the Middle West. There he is fairly certain of the votes of most, if not practically all, of the gold Democrats; for if we omit the few votes controlled by the Hocking Valley interests of Ohio, the Democrats of that section of the country are all opposed to the protective policy of Mr. McKinley and to the apparent renewal of its life and strengthening of its hold on the government that would follow its application to territories governed by the United States. In this reasoning they are probably wrong; for doubtless nothing that has occurred in our time has so materially injured the cause of protection in this country as the mere threat to extend the principle of protection to the island of Puerto Rico. We are, however, considering the subject as it forms a part of the immediate political controversy, and, judged from that point of view, it is clear that anti-imperialism not only will command the votes of nearly all the gold Democrats of the country on its moral aspect; not only because it is said to be a departure from the republic's traditions; not only because most Democrats insist that the denial of constitutional rights and privileges and limitations to the people of the new possessions would revolutionize our form of government; but because it still further favors the existing beneficiaries of the protective tariff.

The important effect of this vote will be felt in the Middle West; for in the East the gold Democratic vote for Bryan will not be nearly unanimous; first, on account of the strong feeling against him here than elsewhere on account of his attitude on the money question, and, secondly, because there are more protection Democrats in the East than elsewhere. The Puerto Rican tariff bill has also weakened Mr. McKinley with his party, and that, too, in the Middle West. There are thousands of Republicans who are outraged by what they regard as the unfair proposal to tax the Puerto Ricans as

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after General Miles's promise that they would be treated as citizens. This must be the result to the other consequences of the policy of imperialism which are not propitious for the Republicans. There are many of the older members of the party, also, who seem to be with a zealous hostility to the idea that the republic can govern dependencies—a zeal which recall the days of slavery and expansionism; but it is extremely doubtful if the effect of this hostility will be appreciable in voting.

The Middle West is indifferent to the silver question, because it regards it as settled. It is evident, therefore, that Bryan is much stronger in that part of the country than he was in 1896, and it is interesting to note precisely what additions he needs to make to the electoral vote of four years ago in order to carry the election. A change of 48 votes is essential. Of this 48, he will probably have 12 which McKinley received from Kentucky. He will then need 36. Illinois and Indiana would give him 39; Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin 41; Indiana, Michigan and Maryland 37; Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota 38. Ohio would add 23 to either of these combinations, and West Virginia 6. If he carried Indiana, Michigan, either West Virginia or Minnesota, Maryland, Kentucky, Wisconsin, and either Illinois or Ohio, he could lose all the Northwest and Pacific Coast and be elected. Mr. Cleveland carried all these States, in 1892, except Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio and West Virginia, and divided the electoral vote of Michigan.

This is the state of the battleground with Bryan for a candidate. With any other Democratic candidate, representing all that Bryan stands for except silver, the contest will be carried into New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—States now for imperialism. There is, of course, an offset to the probable increase of Democratic strength, which is still further augmented by the trust issue, or, rather, the growing war against trusts which are protected by the tariff. And the first offset is Bryan himself. He is a very heavy burden; for in order to elect his candidate the Democratic party must receive the votes of the independents and of the Democrats who were so radically opposed to Bryan four years ago that they left their party and voted for the Republican candidate who represented all that was most hostile to their political principles. This will make the Democratic campaign almost impossible of success in the East and the struggle very difficult in the Middle West.

There is also another side to imperialism as a political issue. Youthful enthusiasm has been fired by the idea of military glory and by our growing bigness. To some it seems as though the war and the country's growth have brought or maintained our commercial and financial prosperity. Some imaginations have been impressed by the idea that we are sitting at the "council board" of the nations, and that our destiny has been made greater and our horizon larger. Those who are under

the influence of the commercial and missionary spirit will counterbalance the forces that are turning away from the Republican party in the Middle West. Whether the movement against Mr. McKinley is strong enough and deep enough to overcome the carrying power of prosperity and the enthusiasm which is taking young Democrats to the Republican party is the question. The man who knows absolutely nothing about it is he who does not understand that great forces, unmeasured and now unmeasurable, are at work; he of the commercial centres who knows that McKinley will sweep the country, or the man in London who cables that Bryan will be the next President.

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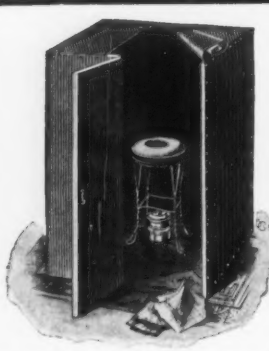
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Round the Hearth



NOBODY who goes about the world with open eyes can fail to observe how many women, beyond the beautiful realm of youth, wear a look of strain, of anxious solicitude, as if they were expecting or enduring a vexation. This look is not akin to that of sorrow, in which there is a certain dignity; rather it is the expression wrought in the countenance and fixed there by attention to a multitude of petty details, and focused in a seldom forgotten though perhaps unacknowledged irritation. When one meets a middle-aged or elderly woman who is placid, serene and unworried, on whose face the care lines are only added

beauties, the sense of repose and refreshment in such gentle company is most unusual and delightful. We should bear in mind, as the days pass, that our thoughts and our temper of taking up the day's burdens, whether fretful or cheery, are molding our faces, as the sculptor molds the plastic clay. A woman who never worries, who accepts inevitable ills with philosophy, and who habitually seeks to make those around her happy, may be plain in her girlhood, but she will be charming in her maturity, in person as well as in character.

Among the fashions which are passing—which indeed may, before the summer wanes, be chronicled as past—may we not mention the side-saddle? For generations, for some unknown reason, women have submitted to the uncomfortable and perilous manner of riding which the side-saddle makes necessary, and many an accident has happened which the feminine equestrian might have escaped had she been mounted as a man is, astride the horse. Modestly conservative women have been deterred from inaugurating a reform, because of their natural dread of appearing conspicuous, but the invention of a divided skirt, which, falling below the feet, completely hides them from view, makes the question of costume no longer a bugbear and settles the problem satisfactorily for the least aggressive of her sex. There is no reason why a woman should ride sideways on horseback, when she does not ride similarly on a wheel. Her fuller command of her horse, her firmer seat, and the equalized distribution of weight for the animal are matters to be taken into account, and in the larger cities women are acting with independence in this department of outdoor exercise. It still requires courage of a high degree to take the initiative in a small town, not yet familiar with the innovation, but all that is needed is that a few brave ladies shall dare to lead and then the rest, timid but imitative, will follow. When the side-saddle shall have become a relic and a curiosity, women will be objects for congratulation, and in country districts or in parks where a horse-woman is a frequent sight the health-rate of our mothers and sisters will rise in a gratifying measure.

In putting away clothing for the summer—furs, woollens and winter wraps—the housekeeper should take the utmost care to see that no moth deposits of eggs are hidden in a fold of the cloth or amid the thick, clinging hairs of the fur. Once these pestilent creatures secure a lodgment they will go on ruining costly raiment in perfect indifference to the medicaments supposed to destroy the tiny fiends. A wardrobe may be saturated with resinous odors, and rendered impervious to invaders from the outside, and garments may be packed and labelled with vigilant precautions against injury, only to yield at the close of the season a quantity of moth-eaten and damaged clothing. If one is aware that she lives in a moth-ridden house, her best and most economical plan is, on the whole, to send all valuable wraps, rugs and woollen garments not in use to a place of storage, where they may be ensured against injury. A small percentage on the value of the articles is charged by the storekeeper, and, in the end, this method proves the penny saved. If the preference is to care for such things at home, they must be sedulously cleaned, beaten, brushed, and gone over inch by inch with extreme and minute supervision, then pasted in newspaper and deposited in a camphor-wood chest or in a closet filled with tobacco leaves, red pepper or tar-balls. The provident matron looks well to the safety of her winter apparel, what time the spring sunshine prophesies the heat of the summer solstice.



"TIDINGS LONGED FOR"—FROM THE PAINTING
BY W. V. CZACHORSKI

That is an exceptional woman who is not disturbed at the premature loss of her hair. Change of color is not a misfortune, for even a young face is captivating under a glory of silvered hair, and to wrinkled faces white hair lends softening grace and a real distinction. The heart-breaking experience is to watch the hair falling out by handfuls, to see the thick coils and bands growing scanty and skippy, and to lose the decorative effect of a beautiful suit of hair, so that the head seems denuded of its appropriate covering. She who prizes her hair will not scruple to devote a little time to its regular brushing every night before she retires. She will remember that at least once a month the hair requires a thorough shampooing, so that the scalp may be kept clean and its pores free from clogging dust. She will be chary of wearing her hair in a fashion which tortures it into shapes only to be kept in place by too much pinning and tying, nor will she subject her hair to undue heat.

While the refined woman likes perfumes, she is fastidious as to their quality and, for personal use, rejects those which are too pronounced and too lasting. In soaps, powders and essences, the aim is suggestion rather than advertisement. A dainty woman depends for the fragrance which faintly exhales from her garments, not upon anything dropped from a bottle, though many delicate essences and extracts come in cut-glass receptacles, and add to the luxuriance and variety of the dressing-table; but, sewn into small sachets of silk and linen, she keeps her bureau drawers perfumed with violet, rose, orris, or whatever flavor she most effects, and in the pockets of her gowns, in her handkerchief cases and in her boxes of stationery, she has little packets of her nicest powder. When my lady walks abroad the most ethereal, evanescent whiff of perfume is wafted from her dress, and is associated with her by her friends, much as a special fragrance belongs to a flower. The hair needs no scent, and in the use of perfumes lavishness is to be avoided, and they must be indulged in very sparingly if they are to perform their proper office in a woman's toilet.

Edited by Margaret E. Sangster

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

The American husband, so gracious, so self-denying, so benevolent that he is a pattern to the husbands of other nations, makes his wife the envy of all women around the house. He does not often arrogate to himself the title of head of the house. Rather is he apt to be its chief "tailor," being late and early that it may be maintained in order. But the children of the home may be thoroughly educated and that their mother and elder sisters may be free to live their pleasure without stint. When summer heat descended upon our towns, the man of the house, except on a brief holiday, will go steadily to business, abiding in solitude at home with a care-taker of a cook, or encamping for a time in an inn, while his family enjoy mountain, lake or beach, or wander at their will abroad. If the American woman has leisure and freedom and independence beyond the measure of those advantages possessed by her European sisters of social position, it is to her husband that she owes her debt of grateful acknowledgment. Back of the easy elegance of the home, back of the charm of the woman's club, back of the pose of the federation, quiet, unobtrusive, appreciative and generous, stands sturdily the American man, husband, brother, father, equal to the emergency, deferential to his dear ones, and anxious to serve them.

As much as this true-hearted gentleman seldom insists on his rights and is most appreciative of his privileges, it behooves the woman at home to take her share in making him contented and happy. He likes his newspaper in the morning and his breakfast on time; he has a fondness for certain beloved old clothes with which it would grieve him to part, even though he never wears them; he prefers his own chair, his library lamp, and his inveterate ancestral habit of wet-blanketing by argument any suggestion of a change. The world-old way of a man is to set forth the opposite side, if only for the pleasure of yielding in the end. Let the foolish ignore this; the wise and tactful wife understands that the resistance is merely a feint.

If the American man have a hobby, it should be encouraged by his family, not only because it furnishes him with an agreeable outlet for his energy, but also because it is a resource against future ennui, when the day may arrive of his freedom from strenuous toil. A man of middle age, who for a score of years has devoted every power of mind and body to active business, is often very wretched when he has made his fortune. To drag himself about in his wife's triumphal train is, on the whole, a bore. He would rather send her and the girls to Paris and stay at home himself, all day with nothing to do, he lies like a dead weight on his wife's hands, and becomes a victim of depression or a marplot of meddling. To cultivate an interest, manual, scientific, or in the line of art, outside the daily routine of business, is a wise provision on the part of the American husband. The day may dawn when this fad, this hobby, may be his salvation from dullness and consequent distress.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Is there anything in the material life of women—upon whom falls the care of children, of the household, and always of the sick and suffering—so like a tower of strength as the resource they have in their doctor? He knows all about them, their failings, their follies, their prides, their shames; he goes laden with their secrets, the especial sin, the especial sorrow, the especial burden; but his business is never to judge them, only to help them. They rely upon him; they know he will uphold them when their chief foes assault them. And when foes and troubles are not threatening they forget him and let the universe look out for him—it is not their affair.

It is singular that we feel we must pay the landlord with something equal to the regularity of the returning moon, that the provision dealer must not wait, that the druggist's, and almost all other bills, must be met upon demand; that it is not respectable to be behindhand with the pew-rent or the minister's pay; that on the instant of marriage clergy and choir and carriage men should have their fees; and that when all this is done the doctor—present at the instant of death, as he is, ready through all of life at call—should be left to get the simplest payment for his very complex service till payment cannot be helped, often to go without it altogether, to have his bill disputed, to have his account stretch over years without settlement.

It is true, we cannot live without a roof, that we cannot live without the provision dealer, that sometimes the druggist is necessary to our continued existence, and that much of our comfort is at the mercy of tailor and milliner and the rest; but it is also true that more often than not we cannot live without the doctor, the power who is the agent of the Upper Power in bringing us into the world, in upholding us over the attacks of the sappers and miners of health, in saving our hearts from breaking with loss, in making the descent into the grave as easy as fate permits. And if money is spoken of in relation to all this, it is met with a shadow of resentment, as if one were asked to pay for friendship, as if one had not the same right to the doctor's services that one has to air and sunshine!

I have in my possession the account books of a country doctor of a past generation, on which stand unpaid bills to the amount of very much more than fifty thousand dollars, due from families presumably able to pay, to say nothing of sums due from those against whom no charge was entered—a doctor, he, in whose very touch was healing. What a difference in the man's comfort would the payment of those righteous dues have made, what a difference, what an immense difference, in the fate of his children! And if those indebted people, on the day they founded a family, had begun to put by a certain sum, however trifling, for the contingencies of illness, and had maintained the habit, how easy it would have been for them to do right!

It is evident that the physician does not pursue his calling for the sake of money. Money means less to him than it does to one in almost any other business—less even than to the beggar in the street, for the beggar asks for yours, but the doctor often does not ask for his own. He follows his calling through an intense interest in it, through love of humanity, and through the divine curiosity which searches the secrets hidden in nature. Not only is it his work but it is his pleasure, his life itself, to relieve pain, to uproot the noxious growth, to fight the dark and evil forces of disease in the spots where they brood and work woe.

What beneficence is this! Is there any missionary who, in his way, does more? Is he not, often missionary and doctor, too? He dismisses the fear of the apprehensive, and makes life easy again. He soothes the tremors and terrors of him who knows the black gulf yawns at his feet. He is the last face the sufferer sees as the clouds of the anesthetic close round, the dying gasp, he comforts the sorrowing who survive. In all scenes and trials the sense of his skill, his will, his goodness, is a rod of steel for those unable to stand without it. He goes into the dens of deadliest fever with no second call; he goes to the patient shut up with the pest in a prison-cell, to the sufferer from those contagious horrors, to face which, with the thought of his children at home, another man might quail. From neither cholera nor plague does he shrink, although he himself go down a victim before them. Is there, then, any hero, among those who take life instead of saving it, who shows any superior, any equal courage? For it is the courage supported by excitement and rush and the boiling blood of the moment, or by the glow of fame; but it is the affair of long, slow, intellectual endeavor, alone, unapplied, in the dark, upheld by faithfulness to an ideal, by the commanding desire to serve and save.

The doctor has fitted himself to help you by means of severe work and study, painful efforts, long vigils. He has gone through agonizing experiences, ultimately for your sake; he has made himself with knowledge of suffering, with knowledge of healing, with determination, all that once it meant to be a demigod; and, giving that, he has given himself. Should you wait before rendering him the meed which at greatest is due him, of his desert? Is not the utmost you can do in that way his right and your duty? said Cicero in some of his most mellifluous speeches, "never approach so closely to the gods as when bringing health to their fellow-men."

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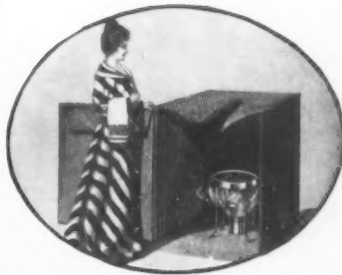
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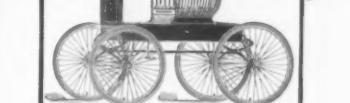
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2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2430-2432-2434-2436-2438-2440-2442-2444-2446-2448-2450-2452-2454-2456-2458-2460-2462-2464-2466-2468-2470-2472-2474-2476-2478-2480-2482-2484-2486-2488-2490-2492-2494-2496-2498-2500-2502-2504-2506-2508-2510-2512-2514-2516-2518-2520-2522-2524-2526-2528-2530-2532-2534-2536-2538-2540-2542-2544-2546-2548-2550-2552-2554-2556-2558-2560-2562-2564-2566-2568-2570-2572-2574-2576-2578-2580-2582-2584-2586-2588-2590-2592-2594-2596-2598-2600-2602-2604-2606-2608-2610-2612-2614-2616-2618-2620-2622-2624-2626-2628-2630-2632-2634-2636-2638-2640-2642-2644-2646-2648-2650-2652-2654-2656-2658-2660-2662-2664-2666-2668-2670-2672-2674-2676-2678-2680-2682-2684-2686-2688-2690-2692-2694-2696-2698-2700-2702-2704-2706-2708-2710-2712-2714-2716-2718-2720-2722-2724-2726-2728-2730-2732-2734-2736-2738-2740-2742-2744-2746-2748-2750-2752-2754-2756-2758-2760-2762-2764-2766-2768-2770-2772-2774-2776-2778-2780-2782-2784-2786-2788-2790-2792-2794-2796-2798-2800-2802-2804-2806-2808-2810-2812-2814-2816-2818-2820-2822-2824-2826-2828-2830-2832-2834-2836-2838-2840-2842-2844-2846-2848-2850-2852-2854-2856-2858-2860-2862-2864-2866-2868-2870-2872-2874-2876-2878-2880-2882-2884-2886-2888-2890-2892-2894-2896-2898-2900-2902-2904-2906-2908-2910-2912-2914-2916-2918-2920-2922-2924-2926-2928-2930-2932-2934-2936-2938-2940-2942-2944-2946-2

Papa says LION BRAND

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You will not get "hot under the collar" if you wear Lion Brand goods this Summer. Their perfect unity of pattern makes them set easily, increases their stylish appearance, and prevents that binding which first causes warmth, and then mops up the perspiration, wilting collars, cuffs and shirts alike. A wide variety of design and style affords satisfaction for every fancy.

Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more.

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FREE A FINE Silverine Watch and Chatelaine

To one Lady or Girl in every town who will distribute 50 of our advertising cards. The watch is finely engraved and will last for a lifetime. The movement is of best American make, jeweled expansion, excellent time-keeper, warranted 5 years. Send us 10 cents to pay for postage, packing, etc., and we mail you at once the cards and a set of 5 solid rolled gold Lady's Dress Chain Pins, fastened with fine Ruby and Turquoise stones, worth anywhere 25 cents. All we ask you is to distribute the cards among your friends and neighbors according to instructions. After your compliance with our conditions you will receive absolutely free the beautiful and valuable watch. We make this liberal offer only for a limited time to advertise our business and anyone is free to accept the same by promising to do as agreed. Send 10 cents name & address to: KING HAWARD CO., Dept. F, 122 Washington St., Chicago.

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Before you buy a watch it will not cost you a cent to see our great bargain. Send your name, post-office and express office address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN COMPLETE C. O. D. \$4.50 Ladies or gents size, double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, accurately adjusted, expansion balance; warranted a perfect timekeeper. If you do not consider it equal in appearance to any \$10.00 gold filled watch and chain warranted 20 years do not accept it. If entirely satisfactory pay express agent our special price \$4.50 and express charges and it is yours. Our 30 Year Guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you wish Ladies or Gents size.

DIAMOND JEWELRY CO., Dept. F 32, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my blood thick and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."

JOS. KIRKLAND, 321 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY
CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 318
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug
gists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

The Starvation Plan

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles
is Useless and Unscientific.

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion, as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words, the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion most need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and the true reason why they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of wholesome food and after each meal take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not, one grain of the active digestive principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other albuminous food.

Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

All drug stores sell this excellent preparation and the daily use of them after meals will be of great benefit, not only as an immediate relief, but to permanently build up and invigorate the digestive organs.

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A CANDID PUBLISHER

IN THE recent death of J. Schabelitz, the well-known Zurich publisher and author, Switzerland has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skilful writer, and one of the most savage publishers who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the post-card with his acceptance the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by post-card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will return to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his post-cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a post-card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

MIXED METAPHORS

THE MANTLE of Sir Boyle Roche has descended upon M. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London "Times." In that journal, recently, he achieved a bull which rivals the famous "Sir, I smell a rat; I see it in the air; but I will nip it in the bud." A passage from the "Liberte" prompted M. De Blowitz to this surprising piece of natural history: "I quote this because the 'Liberte' is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

AT DELMONICO'S in New York several prominent American amateur fishermen met around the festive board. Bank Superintendent Kilburn was first called upon to speak. He showed that he was not lacking in the imagination which is usually associated with fishing. His fish increased in size with each story until he dramatically closed with a description of how he played an eagle and a big trout at the same time. He had hooked the trout, and then the eagle swooped down on it and carried the trout into the air. After running out fifteen hundred feet of line, Mr. Kilburn said, he landed both the trout and the eagle. Justice Triax, who followed Mr. Kilburn, went him one better, and the outlook for Colonel E. C. James, who represented St. Lawrence County and who spoke later, was dull. Colonel James, however, didn't get discouraged. He started in with a tale about the fish in California streams which swim back into the boiling water of the hot geysers until they are cooked. That was mild, but Colonel James followed it up with the statement that in British Columbia, where some of the streams hold tin in solution, the wise salmon can themselves. He couldn't vouch for these stories, but he had one that he knew all about because the incident happened near Ogdensburg. A New York fisherman dropped a repeater watch into the St. Lawrence two years ago. Last summer he caught an unusually large fish, and as he landed it something inside the fish struck five. Of course, when he cut his fish open he found his repeater watch stuck in the fish's throat and keeping perfect time. The passing of the food down the fish's throat had kept it wound from day to day. Mr. Kilburn remarked that he didn't doubt it, but he looked sad.

HER CHOICE

IN AN English lawsuit recently the plaintiff in a trifling case was a deaf woman, and after a little the judge suggested that the counsel should get his client to compromise it, and to ask her what she would take to settle it. The counsel thereupon shouted out very loudly to his client: "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" She smilingly replied: "I thank his lordship kindly, and if it's no inconvenience to him I'll take a little warm ale."

THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE

EDITORS, too, have their troubles. One of these men, who presides over the destinies of a Western newspaper, is mourning the loss of two subscribers. No. 1 wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers were forwarded by mail, but by accident the editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled." And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

W. W. W.

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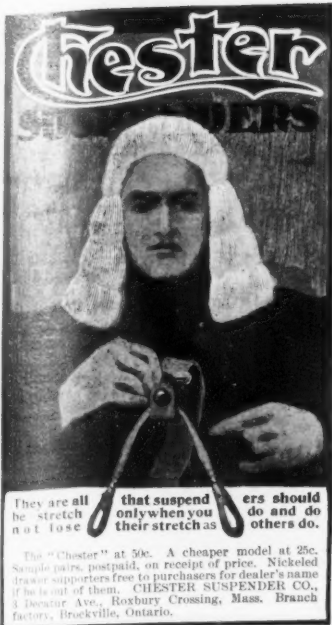
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HE KNEW THE LAW

"IN THE State from which I come," said a Down East lawyer recently, "aforetime an effort was made to have trials for murder by a jury of eleven, the majority to decide. Controversy over this suggested change in the organic law ran high and the discussion for and against waxed fierce, until so bitter had become the feeling of those favoring and opposing the innovation that in many cases it took on a personal complexion. A lawyer who had been a far-famed judge was sounded by a friend who opposed the change, and who asked of him, 'Judge, would you like to be tried for your life by a jury of eleven and convicted by a majority vote?' The judge solemnly wagged his head. 'No,' quoth he, 'I shouldn't like to be tried for my life by a jury of eleven and convicted by a majority vote. But then,' he went on, as his friend's face lighted up, 'I don't think I'd like to be tried for my life by a jury of any size, voting in any way.'"

GOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR

"So you are looking for a position," said the merchant to the youth with high collar and noisy necktie. "What can you do?" "Oh, any old thing," replied the young man. "Of course, I don't expect the junior partnership at the start, but I want to be sure of an early rise." "Very well," replied the merchant, "I'll make you assistant janitor. You will rise at four o'clock every morning and sweep the floors."

GHOSTS OF THE TRANSVAAL

WILLIAM T. STEAD, in his recent penny pamphlet, "War Against War," has unearthed a curious ghost story from the Transvaal. The story recalls one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" telling of the apparition of Castor and Pollux at the battle of Lake Regillus, likewise a passage in the Second Book of Kings where it is told how Elisha was assisted by supernatural hosts. Here is the story as contained in a private letter:

"In the battle of Dundee, on the 20th of October, 1899, one of the Transvaal burghers met with a heavily wounded Hussar lying on the veldt. When the burgher, who was on horseback, passed the Hussar, the wounded man cried out for water. On this the burgher, whose name was Rotha, handed him his field-bottle. The man, however, was too weak to take the bottle in his hands. Whereupon Rotha dismounted and gave him to drink.

"The man looked at him: thankfully and said, 'Thanks!' and then asked in English, 'Who were those two valiant generals who rode continually one on each side of the Transvaal Army, encouraging the men and giving orders? They were dressed in white uniforms and rode on white horses, carrying a flag in their hands. I did not know the flag,' added the Hussar. 'Oh, how we fired on them!' he said dreamingly, 'but it was all in vain. The best shot could not hit them.' 'The Transvaal burgher said that he knew nothing of these generals; he had never seen them in the field. 'Indeed, we have no general dressed in white!'

"Then it must have been angels," said the Hussar. He whispered something like 'Davis, old fellow!' looked at Rotha bewildered, fell back, and died."

THE USUAL AMOUNT

DE FAQUE: "If I could get some one to invest one thousand dollars in that scheme of mine I could make some money." Crawford: "How much could you make?" De Faque: "Why, one thousand dollars."

A MARQUIS QUEENSBERRY FINISH

A FRIEND of the late Marquis of Queensberry has this to say of the famous father of the British prize-ring:

"Personally he was a strong, excitable man, cheery, big-voiced and genial, with a courtesy of manner that astonished all who met him for the first time and could only associate him with the prize-ring. If he had a quick temper, he also had a kind and generous heart, and rarely bore any man a grudge. Once, when riding round his property, he saw a laborer—a great, big-limbed fellow—idling, and began to rate him violently. The laborer stared insolently at him, and Lord Queensberry, in a temper, was about to strike him, when the laborer suddenly plucked him off his horse and flung him over the hedge. The noble lord slowly rose to his feet, knocked some of the mud off his clothes, and then, in his suave and most courtly manner, said to his assailant across the hedge: 'Would you be so very kind as to throw my horse over after me?'

REVEALED

JUDGE: "What do you do during the week?" Witness: "Nothing." Judge: "And on Sunday?" Witness: "I take a day off." Judge: "What salary does the city pay you?"

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Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART, Detroit, Mich.

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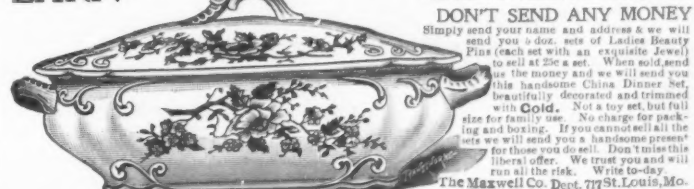
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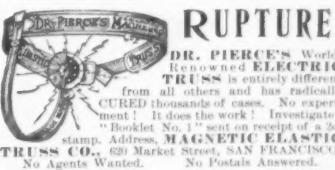
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WASHINGTON LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY is embarked upon the unknown sea of politics in a frail craft, vulnerable to the practiced aim of his enemies, with only his reputation as a Spanish war hero to propel it toward the Presidential haven. Plagiarizing David Bennett Hill's famous wavery, "I am a Democrat," the Admiral has placed it on the first fold of the flag alongside the Constitution and has boldly announced that the emblem, with what it presents and represents, has been nailed to the mast and will remain there until his flagship is defeated or reaches port in safety.

Though for several weeks there had been rumblings of the Admiral's intention, politicians had not been inclined to take his candidacy seriously until he bombarded their position with an announcement that he was in the Presidential struggle to win. Political Washington caught its breath, and then returned the Admiral's bombshell with projectiles loaded with ridicule and satire. Like the Spanish shell which flew above and around the men-of-war which comprised the Admiral's squadron at Manila, they missed their target, if the Admiral is to be believed, and he is serene in the consciousness that no vital part of his flagship has been struck and that he has the good wishes of many that he shall win as complete a victory on November 8 next as he achieved on May 1, 1898.

It seems difficult to believe that the Admiral, understanding from his naval experience the value of preparation, failed to provide himself with the large quantity of political munitions and the support which he will need in the impending struggle; yet such is the case. It is true there had been a meeting of several prominent gold Democrats in New York within the past two months, at which Dewey's name was spoken of to supplant that of Bryan at Kansas City; and the Admiral was approached by one of their representatives, but declined to allow his candidacy to be considered. According to a member of the Cabinet, two weeks before his announcement was made the Admiral repeated the hope he expressed last fall that McKinley would be reelected. This statement, however, should be accepted with a grain of reservation.

It is altogether erroneous to suppose that the Admiral announced his candidacy with the approval of prominent Democratic politicians. As is true of practically all public men, he received communications from persons, without political backing, who urged him to become a Presidential candidate; and the Admiral had his ambition further aroused by the cordial reception given him on his Southern trip. The result of the adulation then received and his desire to show certain persons that he was available Presidential timber caused him to make his announcement. At first he declared he had no politics; that he was the people's candidate. Then learning to his own and Mrs. Dewey's satisfaction that McKinley would certainly be nominated at Philadelphia, he suddenly discovered he was a Democrat and had been all his life a follower of Jefferson. The announcement of his Presidential aspirations had been anticipated by Senator Jones, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who had directed that all delegates to the Kansas City Convention be instructed to vote for Bryan. "The Democratic situation will not be affected by Dewey's candidacy," Senator Jones states, "Bryan will be nominated without a doubt."

While Dewey's platform is the Constitution and the Flag, it is interesting to note that as he changed his determination not to become a Presidential candidate, so has he reversed his position on the Philippines. The report of the Philippines Commission, which he signed, declared that "the United States cannot withdraw from the Philippines. We are there and duty bids us to remain." The Admiral has now apparently turned a political stereoscope on the Far Eastern Archipelago. The new view contemplates a cessation of hostilities, self-government for the Filipinos, and the establishment of a protectorate, the United States retaining a naval base. The Admiral still stands for the continued increase of the navy; the development of American commerce; for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States and the application to it of the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty relative to non-fortifications; and, finally, for those principles which will aggrandize the American nation. As Mrs. Dewey has undoubtedly been largely consulted by the Admiral in the course he is pursuing, though she states she endeavored to persuade him from entering politics, it is to be presumed that she shares the views which the Admiral has expressed.

Action upon the Hay-Pauncefote treaty will not be taken by the Senate during the present session. The opposition manifested throughout the country to the provisions of the convention has had its effect upon the Republican politicians in the Upper House, and they have deemed it expedient to allow the instrument to go over until the next session, when the Presidential campaign will have ended and political considerations will not be so important as they are to-day. The State Department and the British Government are very much chagrined at the delay determined upon, but while Mr. McKinley probably desires favorable action he is too much of a politician not to understand that delay will be advantageous to his personal ambition, and he undoubtedly approves the policy of inaction which the Republican Steering Committee has adopted.

It has developed, since the return of the Isthmian Canal Commission to Washington from Central America, that Rear-Admiral Walker, carrying out instructions given him before his departure, obtained promises from President Zelaya of Nicaragua and President Iglesias of Costa Rica to transfer to the United States five miles of territory on their respective sides of the Nicaraguan Canal route to be used in the construction of the proposed waterway. The desire of the Administration to obtain territorial concessions from these States grew out of its belief that ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was certain, and that immediately after the convention entered into effect Congress would pass the measure authorizing the construction of the canal. As action has been deferred upon the treaty, and as Administration Republicans in Congress propose to oppose the passage of the canal bill, it is evident that legislation on this subject cannot possibly be had until the next session of Congress.

"Plain duty" for Puerto Rico has been superseded by the policy of political expedience, and the little island is now surrounded by a tariff wall. While physical and industrial starvation has the island in its grip, the Government of the United States has added to its misery by imposing a duty upon its imports and exports which the poverty-stricken people claim should be fostered rather than burdened with the weight of taxation. The House act, with some slight amendments, and with the Foraker civil government feature added, passed the Senate by a vote of 40 yeas and 31 nays. The free-trade amendment, offered by Senator Davis, was defeated by 30 yeas and 40 nays, seven Republicans being included in the latter column: Davis of Minnesota, Hoar of Massachusetts, Mason of Illinois, Nelson of Minnesota, Proctor of Vermont, Simon of Oregon, and Wellington of Maryland.

As the Senate approved the principle of the tariff, which the Republicans of the House strenuously supported, the latter, at a caucus, determined to accept the Senate measure without change, though some of the members of the Insular Affairs Committee called attention to what they regarded as obnoxious features of the civil government proposed by the Senate. Notwithstanding this opposition, the caucus determined that the House should swallow the Senate amendments. At a caucus of the Democratic members of the House, it was determined to continue the policy of antagonism to the tariff feature of the act, but the opposition of the minority counted for naught against the practically united front of the Republican majority.

If the Senate accepts the will of the House, saloons will not exist in the Hawaiian Islands. Representative Gillett of Massachusetts, in whose State local option prevails, offered an amendment to the bill for the government of Hawaii prohibiting the establishment of saloons in the islands. Mr. Gillett explains that the amendment will prevent, "not all sales of liquor, for it would not interfere with hotels or private homes, but it will prevent the saloon, the gathering-place and loafing resort where in our new dependencies already great reproach upon the American people has been incurred." Representative Fitzgerald of Massachusetts expressed the opinion that if any saloon legislation were to be enacted, it should first be applied to the Capitol, where liquor is sold at both ends of the building. This proposition, it is hardly necessary to say, was frowned upon. On the plea that "we want our markets extended," Representative Berry of Kentucky opposed the adoption of the Gillett amendment, calling attention to the fine old beverage manufactured in his State, and the benefits to the people of Hawaii and the Philippines following the sale among them of Kentucky liquors. On a rising vote, the amendment was defeated, but fear of opposition from temperance advocates in their home districts caused several members, who in the crowd had voted against the amendment, to either fail to pass through the tellers appointed to count the vote, or to announce themselves as favoring its adoption, and it was incorporated in the measure. The act is now in conference, where, it is expected, the saloon amendment will be stricken out.

C. C. L.

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP.

NOTES ON GOLF

VARDON still continues to show his superiority to our golfers, although at times his short game bears no comparison with his driving. The greatest revelation of his form was at Atlantic City in his match against the best ball of Douglas Harriman. He not only defeated them overwhelmingly, but broke the record of the course. At New Haven against the Yale men he was beaten on the first day, and, in fact, on neither day did he show the expected marked superiority in his driving. That is certainly unsurpassed. It is not alone its distance, but its accuracy, that is the key. On his second day in New Haven the wind was very severe and Vardon seemed usually able to hold his ball on the green in a matter at what angle or how fiercely the wind cut across. Vardon's grip has been frequently described that every one is familiar with the lapping of his fingers. But the breadth and strength of his wrist is one of the points which make his work possible. The Yale men who defeated him in a best-ball match were Cheney and Robertson, and they played a good, consistent game on a course whose features were thoroughly familiar to them. Still, that fact should not detract from their credit, for any men who play against Vardon's driving must keep up a good heart and have something the better of the short game to hold him at all.

When it was learned by the Yale management last fall that Carter, the former pitcher, and since then coach of many a Yale nine, would be unable to spare the time to come to New Haven this spring, Captain Camp and Manager Adams decided to secure Nichols, the Boston pitcher, for a week or two to assist the men. Nichols came, and devoted most of his attention to the pitchers, and later invited his friend Hickman to join him. Unfortunately, the weather was such that the Yale nine was unable to get the benefit of the coaching of either of these men out in the field. But it is likely that the work of the pitchers will have been considerably improved by the indoor coaching this received.

The material seems promising, although certain changes are absolutely necessary. Of the old men there are: Sullivan, catcher; Robertson, pitcher; Waddell, first base; Camp, short stop; Broun, third base; so that the veteran part of the infield organization is strong. In addition, there are Cunha and Hirsh for change catchers, Sharpe and Garvan, the former the basket ball player, the latter the freshman pitcher of last year, both promising men, Sharpe being left-handed and rather puzzling. Cook, most promising too, is off with complications in his studies. Sharpe will probably play at first base, for he can play a good game there and has a long reach. Quimby, formerly at third, is also in difficulties under the 225 rule, and Broun will likely be played at third.

Wescott may be played in the field or at second, while Hirsh, Rumsey, and Stoddard can all play infield positions. Guernsey, Lyons, Barnwell and others are likely to get a chance to show their calibre in the field, and by the first of May things will be straightened out and the possibilities narrowed down for championship work. Besides the men already mentioned, there are Littlefield, Parshall, Fred Robertson, de Saulles, Irwin, Thompson, Armstrong, Brown, Clark, and Wear. Wescott was pitcher for the Williston Seminary team, Littlefield was the Andover first baseman, Barnwell was an outfielder for the same school, and Armstrong played a good second with the Hill House High School last year.

After the Easter trip, Yale's most important games will be Brown at New Haven May 2, and at Providence May 12; Georgetown at New Haven May 22, and Brown again at Providence May 30. Then in June come her Harvard and Princeton games; Princeton June 2 at New Haven and June 9 at Princeton; Harvard June 21 at Cambridge and June 26 at New Haven. In case of ties with Princeton, Saturday, June 16, at New York will be the place of playing off the tie, while a tie with Harvard will bring a final game on Saturday, June 30.

This means that Yale will close up her Princeton games (even in case a third game is necessary) before beginning her Harvard series. The schedule is considered a good one, and confidence has grown amazingly in Captain Camp and his ability to turn out a winning nine. While it is true that the unexpected and the generally believed avoidable final defeats of last season led the university to be sceptical about the qualifications of a promising nine, it is generally felt that the errors of last season are now fully realized and that they will be corrected this year. The deterioration noted toward the end of the season was so extraordinary as to produce most decided comment, and another season like it would bring down the wrath of the entire university.

The management is very strong upon one point, and it is said, has reached a satisfactory understanding with Harvard upon it, and that is the exclusion of nigger ball-playing, and the scenes of the Polo Grounds and the discredit therein reflected upon college baseball will not be repeated.

In her first game of the season Yale used Sullivan and Cunha behind the plate, Garvan, Russell, McKelvey and E. Wescott in the box, Sharpe at first, Brown at second, Camp and H. Wescott at short, Irwin at third, Guernsey in left, Lyon and Wear in centre, and Barnwell and Rumsey in right. Guernsey, Barnwell, Brown and Irwin did the bulk of the hitting, Lyon also doing well at the bat. The Yale pitchers, particularly Russell, were wild, but New York University only succeeded in hitting them safely five times. The Wesleyan game, a week later, was a comedy of errors, which, on the eve of his Easter trip, gave Captain Camp an uneasy sensation. But there was nothing serious about it, save an indication that the nine will be a hard one to hold together, and that problem he should be able to solve. Space defers detailed comment upon Harvard and Princeton to a later issue. The former has the same wealth of baseball material as that which covered the gridiron last fall and is filling the boats this spring. Princeton, with less to pick from, starts out with an almost ideal battery in Kafer and Hillebrand, veterans of many a season and sure to hold the nine together under almost any conditions.

In this department of sport the failure of Harvard and Yale to extend an invitation to their hosts of last year, Oxford and Cambridge, to make the return trip is a source of sincere regret to the body of men in both universities as well as to the graduates. Pennsylvania has the best assortment of men for the Intercollegiate and for the trip abroad. With Kraenzlein and McCracken fit and well when they make their trials abroad, there is no telling what a record the two can make. Grant and Remington, too, will be heard from. At Yale, Boardman of the old men, and Thomas and Stillman of the new, are likely to excite the greatest interest, while at Harvard, Rice, Daly, Boal and Hallowell of the veterans, and Haigh and Speare of the coming men, are being carefully watched. Princeton will show of last year's best Cregan, Jarvis and Carroll, while Serviss is the best of the incoming material.

I have purposely omitted from these columns premature comment upon Columbia's athletic situation. I have not space to give the full report of the Columbia Athletic Committee through Professor Hutton. It appears that, upon a hasty investigation, a prominent member of the athletic committee found that one of the best men, if not the best man, on the team was ineligible under any rules of college amateur sport. He proposed, and so did a higher authority in the university, that this man should not be played by Columbia without the consent of the opposing team. But had this committee gone at that time as far as they were distinctly advised to go—namely, to one of the Board of Governors of a certain club in New York—that committee might have made this humiliating confession and this trailing of Columbia's Blue and White through the mud of professionalism unnecessary.

WALTER CAMP.



DOUGLAS ENDING DRIVE



DOUGLAS PUTTING



LYNCH AND HARRIMAN PUTTING IN THE LAST HOLE



TRAVIS ENDING SWING



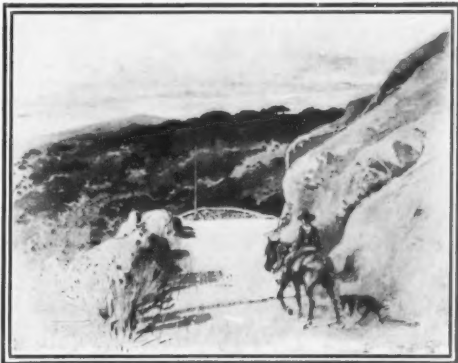
TRAVIS OBJECTS TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

WITH COMPASS AND BLANKET IN THE COAST RANGES

By GEORGE HALL ASHLEY

IT IS ONE THING to go mountaineering on the top of a snow-bench, over good post-roads, surrounded by friends with whom to discuss the ever-shifting views of mountain summits or hazy plains far below, admiring now some distant mountain brook or tiny mountain lake set like a gem amid the rocky heights, now wondering at the close of the undergrowth or now—"Oh, there's the ocean!" as the coast is reached and a new world stretches out before you.

It is quite another thing to leave behind the stage, the road, the friends, and then with a simple grubstake cast in your lot with the coyotes deep in some mountain fastness; to bivouac or push out beside the mountain stream, to find your way for weeks or months around the pathless cliffs, now climbing trees to keep yourself, now slowly forcing passage through the undergrowth to clamber down some rockbound gien when parched with thirst and find it dry; to reach your harder's end and find no stores. You may be hunter after bears, or perhaps ever hopeful that the morrow will reveal your El Dorado, or simply a maker of maps, or lover of nature.



OVER THE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

Illustrations by HARRY FENN

And yet, I question if the difference favors him who rides. To him the mountain is and then is not. The other comes to know and love the mountain, to be one in spirit with it. To him the winds whisper stories in the night, the birds sing their songs for him, and he knows them all; the stars become his companions and he watches for their coming. His soul fills with the freedom of it all. How he exults in hardships! He sleeps and wakes, alive to all the moods of nature. He reads the weather in the sunrise or the sunset. He comes to find his boyhood once again, though his hair be turning gray.

For knew you ever boy whose greatest joy was not to be again a savage, camping out beneath the stars beside a little fire of brush, though it has to be in his back yard or neighboring vacant lot?

And so, as I am not a stranger to the woods and hills, it is with the liveliest anticipations that, just as summer turns to fall, rough dressed for rock or brush, I start out.

The Santa Cruz Mountains, a division of the Coast Ranges of California, stretch south from San Francisco and the Golden



"TO THE SOUTHWEST RISE THE MOUNTAINS"

Gate some sixty-five miles, with a width of twenty-five. They are an intricate network of ridges and peaks, wild ravines and ocean cliffs, lying between the ocean on the one hand and the Santa Clara Valley and San Francisco Bay on the other. Here heavily wooded, here rising in bare granite ridges, here covered with an almost impenetrable blanket of chaparral—the home of the coyote, but seldom of man. I am working out their later geologic history and making a detailed geologic map of the San Francisco Peninsula. Several holiday raids into the mountains have taught me the lay of the land.

Leaving San Francisco for the rainy season, I start with the next easiest work, the narrow coastal plain supplied with firs and little hamlets strung along the good post-road. And, too, I hope to find some secrets of the mountains in the coastal bluffs or the great rocky cliffs a thousand feet or more in height where the ridges meet the sea.

My work here resembles a holiday excursion. There are the occasional meetings with the stage, the roads up the beautiful mountain streams, the now and then stumbling onto a lumber camp amid the redwoods, the varied bluffs filled with fossils to delight one's heart, the wave-cut caves and natural bridges, the reefs at low tide, teeming with the fascinating life of the sea, and here and there a bold rocky headland with the white breakers at its base, where the road has to climb a thousand feet to find a footing; and, not the least interesting, the inn of pleasant memories. What an appetite and what good meals! Cause and effect, no doubt. No wonder one landlord as I pay him remarks: "Hum! I haven't made any money on my table." There are the evenings in the room that serves for office, parlor and saloon, the story-telling as some "Forty-niner" recalls the golden days of California or an erewhile sailor spins his salty yarns about the sea, and now and then the road swings back in a narrow valley before starting to climb the mountain, is an inn looking out on a little Italian garden, hedges, walks and all—all but the fountains and bits of white marble—with Mount Montara rising like a wall behind it bathed all in the golden glory of sunset. And to think, being unarmed, I had paused whether to stop or pass on. To-day, sad commentary on the effects of a few weeks in the brush, I detect my prospective host watching my approach through a crack in his door; then, fearing to risk his buildings by harboring me, he closes the house and strikes out for the barns. But a few weeks later looking much worse, with fear and trembling I storm a summer hotel only to be received with open arms. I understand on discovering that I am the only male guest in the house; and do I search for fossils in the bluff below I can command a dozen of the fairest helpers ever geologist had. Of course, 'tis not all as pleasant. Much difficult, if not dangerous, climbing; a forty-mile stretch without stopping place, a day now and then without food and a night without bed but prepare me for what is to come.

Now for a time my work is among the foothill ranches, the dairy farms and Portuguese gardeners, and knowing from past experience how poorly most of the ranch-houses are prepared to entertain travellers, and not altogether fancying the usual ranch hands' quarters, I carry my blanket, prepared to find my own lodging but depending on houses for meals. While occasionally sleeping inside, more often I make my couch in the lee of a haystack or in a barn loft. Fresh, sweet and airy, what better bed could one want? The mornings seem fairly to tread on the heels of the evenings. To-night I find lodging at a Portuguese dairy ranch. The house is a rough two-roomed shack, with bunks for beds and rough board seats and tables; yet seldom have I met a jollier, happier household. The supper-table abounds with laughter and repartee, and though with my limited knowledge of Portuguese I get but little of it, except as I read it in the faces, it makes an excellent sauce for what might otherwise be a rather unpalatable meal. Supper away, we pull off our boots and roll in till milking time at 2 A.M. Then all out, lanterns, the mooing of cows, the clatter of pails and cans and the milk goes to town. There is time for a nap before breakfast, then, setting my bill, I start out with a lump of hard bread and a piece of Samsonian cheese to help me over the hills. A dry half loaf isn't the equivalent of a lunch at Delmonico's, but it is better



NEAR SANTA CRUZ LIGHTHOUSE

than no bread, and I pass no houses that day, and the next night I spend on a Portuguese barn floor.

But on the whole this is the least pleasant part of my work. When I start out in the morning I have no idea whether I will eat lunch with an Englishman, German, Italian, or not at all; nor whether at night I will sleep on twigs, hay, boards, hair or feathers. Gradually my work carries me into the region of the truck gardeners. They are all Portuguese or Italians, speaking little or no English, industrious and thrifty, yes, hospitable to the extent of their ability—but! Their fenceless farms, like one garden, stretch from the bay almost or quite to the top of the bluff six or seven hundred feet above Seven-mile Beach, where much of my work is to be; so I decide to start a private hotel and select for a site a little bench in the face of the bluff, a hundred feet above a spring of fine water.

Returning to headquarters, I get out my folding surveyor's cot, rubber blanket, equipment for a month's stay, and lay in a week's provisions. The cot but indicates the luxurious scale upon which my hotel is to be run, though privately, I might add, the site I have chosen contains neither hay, grass nor brush, and I am not built to enjoy the soft side of a rock for sleeping on; in fact, I consider it a fallacy that the rock has a soft side.

It is with a bursting feeling of independence and freedom that I step off the train at Colma the next morning, load up and measure the miles and depths of the sand to my new abiding place. Surely the map must be wrong. As I make my way down the precarious path I feel that I have paid for my freedom, for I am sure that half of my vertebrae have been telescoped and my shoulder-blades pulled from their sockets. That cot, such a marvel of lightness, can I not feel the outlines of an old-fashioned black walnut bedstead, full width, extra long, springs and double mattress complete?

But what a month this is! Except the ships standing out to sea from the Golden Gate to the north, or the coastwise steamers or one of the White Squadron running close inshore with the long line of smoke trailing leeward, I can see no trace of man or his works. Later on, indeed, I find a hermit living



"NOW THE CLIMBING IS REAL"

in a two-by-four shanty in a dent in the cliff, and several miles to the north are several crude plants for working the black sand for gold, but otherwise I own the coast. 'Tis true it consists only of a thread of yellow sand between the white ruffled sea and the bluff, and at highest tide largely disappears, but it is mine by appropriation and appreciation, and here is freedom. How one comes to have all the sensitiveness of a lover for the ocean and the winds, the changing moods of nature, the sea-gulls and ever-sporting porpoise, and all the ocean life. There is the never-ending fascination of watching the white-capped breakers rushing toward you, and then go curling over as though trying to bury their heads in the sand, then the turmoil as they roll and tumble with the undertow, then the long sweep up the beach and back. Then all through the night there is the monotonous roar and pound almost under you. There are the wonderful sunsets and the cold reflections of the moon across the sea. Then from the top of the bluff what views of the Golden Gate to the north, the San Francisco hills and the city, the bay and the white ferryboats, Oakland and the hills of Berkeley, the peaks of Mount Diablo and Tamalpais, while to the southeast rise the mountains I yet must conquer.

When night comes on, with an armful of driftwood I climb to my bench in the bluff, draw forth my outfit from its hiding-place, unfold my cot, and from a light cane at each end stretch the rubber blanket, partly loop the corner over the corners of the cot, and my tent is ready for the night. Then a little fire and supper, when, wrapping my blanket around me, I roll in, fasten the corners down, and at once whirl away to the land of nod on the veritable shut-eye-train of childhood. Next morning a trip down to the spring for water and washing, breakfast, a lunch in my knapsack, mainly of well-seasoned bread, caching my outfit and I am off for another day's mapping. At last it is done, and I am ready to tackle the depths of the mountains themselves.

The cloudless summer days are shortening into those of winter and the rains are transforming the yellow hills to green when, a few days later, I pitch my six-by-six tent beside a spring, in a little valley deep in the heart of the mountains. I have two weeks' provisions, blankets and clothing in plenty, and a light two-wheeled camp wagon for moving purposes. With this, where the roads are hard and



"THE WONDERFUL SUNSETS"

level, I can easily transport my outfit twenty miles a day. But up the mountains or along half-cleared trails it means few miles, but much panting, brow-wiping and many tears.

How the weeks fly! Usually breakfast dishes are washed, lunch put up, tent securely closed and I am on top of some high ridge before sunrise, waiting his lordship's appearance. And often I do not start for camp until he has retired beneath white sheets of fog in the west. Now the climbing is real, though seldom dangerous. An occasional scaling of the perpendicular cliffs, escaping from a cul-de-sac by worming my way up a narrow perpendicular crevice with elbows and knees, crossing the top of a long slope whose loose surface tends to carry one to the bottom hundreds of feet below—these are of almost daily, often of almost hourly, occurrence. They are simply what the mountain climber anywhere expects. The most trying part of the work is due to the abundant presence of chaparral. Imagine a brush-heap ten feet high, extending for miles, not loose and brittle, but tough, tenacious and terrible for trousers. Here, with a heavy mason's hammer, it takes half an hour, lying snake-like on the ground, to force my way fifty feet; there, with persistence, you can make a mile an hour, now squirming along on the ground, now crawling for long distances through the branches several feet from the ground, now getting hung up and having to back out and try a new route. When you wish to rest you simply stop and lie still. Once in a while you come to a thin place where you can straighten up, or a grassy plat of perhaps an acre; but you look in vain for an easy passage out, and, turning your face once more to the summit before you, you again plunge in.

Semi-monthly I pack my accumulated specimens down to the nearest stage post, ship them to headquarters, lay in needed supplies, mail my letters and start out for camp again, and about once a week I shift camp a few miles further south. The days are full of interest. Now for a week together not a soul do I meet, except some wolfish coyote that I chance upon, or a rattlesnake patrolling the ridge with his policeman's rail. The big California jay stops to gossip or to scold at me, or a woodpecker down in the valley tries to call me up by telephone. Even the rocks seem to say, "Here we are; don't overlook us, and be sure and put us on your map correctly." I'm no longer a man, but a child of nature amid her other children. What matters it that sometimes I have to work all day without a drop to drink? or, when the great white bands of fog roll in and down on camp, neither a fire all night nor all my extra clothes nor a couple of double blankets can keep the chill from reaching to my very marrow? or what matters it that some brother creature helped me dispose of some tempting tidbit left out last night? Perhaps to-night the range cows discover my camp, and then, no matter how sleepily, I have to roost out and drive them off or sit on guard. The evening, returning to camp, I found they had not only paid me a visit, but more than made themselves at home. My tent was down and torn, guy ropes pulled out, ladder tipped over—fortunately it was locked—and everything loose about the tent scattered and trampled upon. But I must not begin to tell of individual happenings. At last the time comes to turn my back upon the mountains and complete the work in San Francisco.

What a contrast with the life just passed! As much, perhaps, as between the white collar which now I feel compelled to wear and the rich brown of my neck. And as I order my breakfast at the hotel in the morning there arises before me the little camp-fire up in the mountains, or as I take the street-car to where I left my work last night I can but compare the narrow street with its towering buildings and its thread of gray overhead with the glorious sunrise bursting above the hills to the east or the white fog slowly floating out to sea of the mornings just gone. And where are the morning matins of the birds? The newsboys hardly take their place. Then there is the umbrella for rainy days, the rubbers, the polishing of boots, the dressing before dinner. The bed is softer, it may be, but where is the sweet breath of the pines and the distant droning of the surf lulling one into a dreamless sleep? Where is a life to compare with this in the open with tent and blanket?



"GREAT ROCKY CLIFFS, A THOUSAND FEET IN HEIGHT"

The Special Numbers of Collier's Weekly

HAVE called forth such widespread and enthusiastic approval from readers and advertisers alike, that the editor has determined to make them a permanent feature of the editorial policy. Nor will the special numbers in future be mere enlargements of the ordinary issue; on the contrary, both by timeliness and vitality of subject-matter, and by richness and variety of treatment, they will endeavor to rival and outdo those hitherto undisputed masters of the field—the high-class magazines. To this end no expense will be spared in presenting the work of the best writers and illustrators.

THE · EXPOSITION · NUMBER

WHICH WILL BEAR THE DATE OF MAY 12th, will be a particularly important and interesting issue.

However graphically described in the columns of the

daily press, the first day of the World's Greatest Fair cannot

be adequately pictured save by photographs and drawings of the actual events. The inaugural ceremonies, its gala crowds, the thousand incidents of interest will be portrayed by an able staff of artists and photographers under the direction of V. Gribayedoff.

M. GABRIEL HANOTAU, member of the French Academy, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Director-General of the Exposition, and one of the most liberal-minded and accomplished statesmen of his time, has written for COLIER'S WEEKLY an exhaustive article on the aims and significance of this supreme achievement of the 19th century.

In addition to arranging for securing drawings by a special corps of famous artists, COLIER'S will be represented by a complete staff of expert photographers.

M. MARCEL PREVOST, author of "*Confessions d'un Amant*," "*Le Scorpion*," "*Le Jardin Secret*," etc., etc., an acknowledged master of style and one of the most

famous French fiction writers of the day, contributes a

charming short story to this number. The Exposition as seen by our own countrymen, with the glories of the World's Fair of 1893 fresh in mind, should

be of particular interest to all Americans. COLIER'S WEEKLY has delegated one of the most capable members of its Art Staff, M. DE THULSTRUP, to picture, week by week, the impressions and experiences of a party of Americans from the Middle States amid the turmoil and gayety of the French capital; the illustrations to be accompanied by a series of entertainingly discursive letters by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, an American novelist, whose stories of Parisian life are already famous.

In addition to these special features there will be a panoramic view of the Exposition, maps of the grounds, plans of buildings, etc.

THE
OPENING DAY

A REPRESENTATIVE
NOVELIST

THE
AMERICAN VIEW

A GREAT
FRENCHMAN

OUR
PARIS STAFF



M. GABRIEL HANOTAU

OTHER
FEATURES

Some Other Features for Spring and Summer

Special Articles

SINCE January of this year, COLIER'S WEEKLY has published in each number an important special article on the leading question of the day. Among the writers are George W. Davis, Governor-General of Puerto Rico, Senators Hoar and Lodge, Secretary of the Treasury Gage, Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn, Rear-Admiral Melville, and many others.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The stories from South Africa and the Philippines by the well-known journalists, Julian Ralph and Frederick Palmer, will be supplemented during the summer by a series of Cape Nome Gold Field letters from the famous Klondike explorer, Tappan Adney.

Art Plans

THE summer numbers of the WEEKLY will be made unusually attractive by drawings of out-door life from the following artists:

A. B. Wenzell, "*Social Studies at Our Watering Places*."

Louis Loeb, "*The Romantic and Sentimental Side of Sport*," Golf, Bicycling, Yachting, etc.

H. Reuter Dahl, "*The Navies of the World*," a series of marine drawings, showing the customs and various types of war ships adopted by England, France, Russia, etc.

Important Fiction

TWO series of short stories, each from the pen of a master, will appear at monthly intervals during the summer:

"*The Outlaw*," by H. B. Marriott Watson, begins in this number. It tells a tragic story of adventure. It will be profusely illustrated by Caroline Harding.

"*Evil Merodach*," by S. R. Crockett, was the first of a series of six short stories in the author's best vein, dealing with the adventures and misadventures of a fiery-tempered but soft-hearted Scottish divinity student. It appeared April 7. The stories will be illustrated by Jay Hambidge.

RATE \$1.00 PER LINE, less 5, 10 and 15 per cent for 250, 500 and 1,000 lines. Last forms close April 28. To ensure insertion and position we should have copy not later than April 21.



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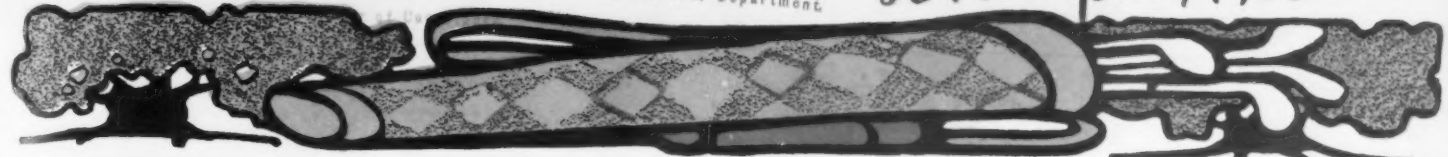
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Black Wax Calf, Congress, Single Soles
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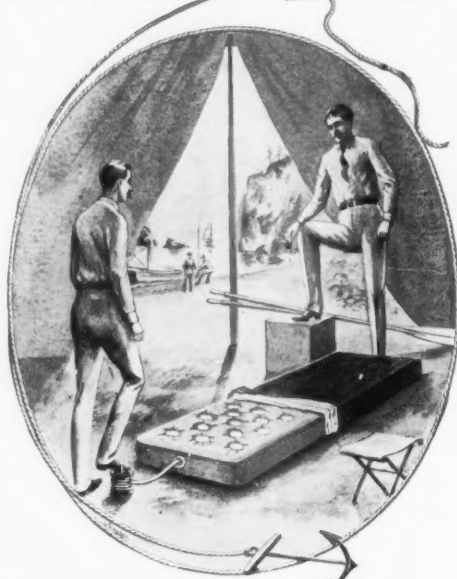
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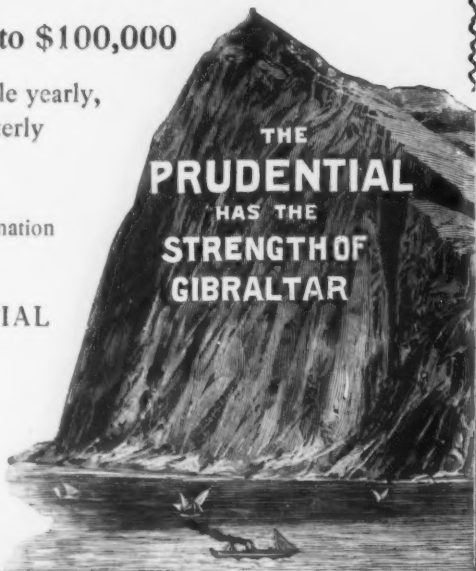
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